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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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*Dolls for the Children
of France - Page 9.*



THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF
WAYS TO PROPOSE. HERE
ARE SOME EXAMPLES FROM
THE PAGES OF FICTION

SOME of the heroes were nervous, some swept the lady off her feet. Here, among others, are the dark-browed Mr. Rochester, the young David Copperfield. But few fictional proposals have given more joy to readers than that of Bernard to Ethel in "The Young Visitors," the book by nine-year-old Daisy Ashford, which the late J. M. Barrie discovered.

Smouldering

"YOU, Jane. I must have you for my own—entirely my own. Will you be mine? Say yes, quickly?"

"Mr. Rochester, let me look at your face: turn to the moonlight."

"Why?"

"Because I want to read your countenance. Turn!"

"There: you will find it scarcely more legible than a crumpled, scratched page. Read on; only make haste, for I suffer."

His face was very much agitated, and very much flushed, and there were strong workings in the features, and strange gleams in the eyes.

"Oh, Jane, you torture me!" he exclaimed. "With that searching and yet faithful and generous look, you torture me!"

"How can I do that? If you are true and your offer real, my only feelings to you must be gratitude and devotion—they cannot torture."

"Gratitude!" he ejaculated; and added wildly: "Jane, accept me quickly. Say Edward—give me my name—Edward—I will marry you."

"Are you in earnest?—Do you truly love me?—Do you sincerely wish me to be your wife?"

"I do! and if an oath is necessary to satisfy you, I swear it."

"Then, sir, I will marry you."

"JANE EYRE," by Charlotte Brontë.

Bashful

"I HOPE your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it (propose) to-day.

"It was a long way for him," said I, "for he had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off until to-morrow.

"Ye-es," I said, "he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the utterable happiness that I had in being near you."

Dora bent her head over her drawing, and said, after a little while:

"You didn't care for that happiness in the least... when you were sitting by Miss Kitt."

"Though certainly I don't know why you should," said Dora... "And I am sure no one doubts your being at liberty to do whatever you like."

Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it. I did it in a moment. I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her.

I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolised and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time.

When Dora hung her head and cried, and trembled, my eloquence increased so much the more. If she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word, and I was ready.

I should always love her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every moment.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD," by Charles Dickens.

Laconic

"I WONDER if you'll marry me, Sally?" (Philip said).

She did not move, and there was no flicker of emotion on her face, but she did not look at him when she answered.

"If you like."

"Don't you want to?"

"Of—of course I'd like to have a house of my own, and it's about time I was settling down."

He smiled a little. He knew her pretty well by now, and her manner did not surprise him.

"But don't you want to marry me?"

"There's no one else I would marry."

"Then that settles it."

"Mother and Dad will be surprised, won't they?"

"I'm so happy."

"I want my lunch," she said.

"Dear!"

"OF HUMAN BONDAGE," by Somerset Maugham.

Sudden

"SHALL we dance?" he said.

"Can you dance?" said the girl. Lancelot gave a short, amused laugh. He had had a good University education and had not failed to profit by it. He was a man who never let his left hip know what his right hip was doing.

A sound like the sudden descent of an iron girder on a sheet of tin announced to their trained ears that the music had begun.

"This," murmured the girl, with closed eyes, "is divine."

"What?" bellowed Lancelot.

"Divine," roared the girl. "You certainly are a beautiful dancer."

"A beautiful what?"

"Dancer."

"Good egg!" shrieked Lancelot.

"Why?"

"Because the idea crossed my mind that if you felt like that, you might care to marry me."

"Marry you?" said the girl.

"I love you as no man has ever loved woman before."

"Well, that's always something. What would the name be?"

"Mulliner. Lancelot Mulliner."

"It might be worse," she looked at him with pensive eyes.

"Well, why not?" she said. "It would be a crime to let a dancer like you go out of the family."

"MEET MR. MULLINER," by P. G. Wodehouse.

Al fresco

LET us now bask under the spreading trees said Bernard in a passionate tone.

Ethel he murmured in a tremulous voice.

Oh what is it said Ethel hastily sitting up.

Words fail me ejaculated Bernard hourly my passion for you is intense he added fervently.

Oh said Ethel in surprise I am not prepared for this and she lent back against the trunk of the tree.

Bernard placed one arm tightly round her. When will you marry me Ethel he uttered you must be my wife it has come to that I love you so intensely that if you say no I shall perforce dash my body to the brink of your muddy river he panted wildly.

Oh don't do that implored Ethel breathing rather hard.

Then say you love me he cried.

Oh Bernard she sighed fervently I certainly love you madly you are to me like a Heathen god she cried looking at his manly form and handsome flashing face I will indeed marry you.

"THE YOUNG VISITERS," by Daisy Ashford, aged nine.

At last, girls are becoming Investors

Experts are agreed that women are investing wisely. They are putting more and more of their savings into war bonds.

How Women Have Learned About Investments

Banking experts have always advised conservative investments. Government Bonds are very safe, and they pay good interest. That is why women like them. So do bankers.

People who risk their money for higher returns, must lose occasionally. People who hoard their money get no interest at all. Wise investors get the highest interest rate they can with absolute security.

If you haven't put your savings into Victory Bonds it is time to think about it.

Australians are hoarding enormous sums of money to-day. At least £175,000,000 are doing "slacker" duty—under mattresses, in tea pots, in purses. Have you any of them? If so, put them to work immediately earning money for you and helping the war effort.

Step in to-day to your bank, Savings Bank or stockbroker and make an advance subscription to the 2nd Victory Loan, or you can commence your instalment plan by purchasing 5/- National Savings Stamps. But do it to-day.

OFF THE ICE



Wendy Lee, 18-years-old skating star at St. Moritz, St. Kilda, Melbourne, has been "on the ice" for 3½ years. To Miss Lee, skating is both a sport and a joy, requiring physical fitness and stamina above the average. A picture of health and vivacity, Miss Lee finds steaming hot Bonox "just the thing" to keep in perfect trim. There's nothing like a cup of steaming hot Bonox to buck you up. You can feel new life and warmth surging through you with every sip. Build up your resistance against colds and flu with a hot cup of Bonox every day—it's delicious, and gives you a glow that makes you feel good.

Love is a MANTRAP

By
FRANCES SHIELDS

HE wanted everything to be simple and untrammelled as it had been during that short spring holiday. He didn't expect to say to a girl: "Let's get married," and then have the entire social machinery set rolling on their behalf. Not in these days, anyhow. The war had speeded things up.

In the spring holiday there had been just he and she. There was seemingly only sky and new green grass, and a lake, and he and she. He had known her ten days, and she was just what he had always been looking for.

"Beth," he said, "let's get married. Just the two of us. It'll be good for my morale when I start putting in twelve hours a day on blueprints when I get back."

She laughed. He went on eagerly. "I mean, I've always planned it to be simple. I don't want a mob craning its neck, and wondering what you see in me. I want just the two of us at our wedding. You, Beth, and me, George."

She turned her face to him, smiling. "Dear cave man," she said, "there'll have to be a clergyman or a city hall clerk and witnesses."

"Well, that's all though. And I knew just the man. Judge Bender. Lives up in Connecticut. I always promised him I'd let him marry us when I found you. You'll like him."

"I'll like him if you like him," Beth said dreamily.

So that's how it was during the holiday.

But suddenly on a Sunday it was the last day of their holiday. They packed their bags, and said good-bye to the other holiday-makers, and they went out, still in rough sports clothes, and sat together in a green bright meadow.

"I forgot to ask," said George, "but what do you do for a living? I mean, you're not an actress or a night-club dancer? Because I'll have only the nights to see you in."

"I'm a schoolteacher," said Beth apologetically.

George howled. He sprawled in the grass and looked at her gay hair and her brief skirt.

"Teachers have changed since I was a kid. I can remember a series of black-skirted old maids."

"I'm an old maid so far."

"But not much farther. I'm going to lift the jinx myself."

"That's certainly noble of you. It's so self-sacrificing."

George kissed her in a very noble and sacrificial way, and three birds in a tree overhead made a hymn out of it.

He had to drive her home eventually. One Sunday in the country couldn't last for ever, even if they stretched it out as long as possible. He brought her home very late and kissed her as if they were never going to meet again, and the next day, Monday, he left the office of Hanson and Hanson, architects, where he had been winding up his affairs, and went to pick her up at her school.

So on the Monday school reopened, there he was in his modern version of a white charger, waiting at the school to rescue his lady love from the schoolteachers' jinx. About a million children stopped to see for whom he was waiting, and they bothered him because they seemed to come between him and Beth.

Finally she came down the steps. She looked different in a way that disturbed him. Perhaps it was that he was used to seeing her in wild sports clothes with her hair down to her shoulders, like a dryad or something.

Now she looked dignified, her hair was up, and she didn't leap down the steps the way she had at the hotel, but came down slowly through the mass of children.

George couldn't get her away from that environment soon enough. He

sped out of the city, and when they reached an open space he parked. He took off her intimidating hat and rumbled her hair until it fell about her shoulders, and he said breathlessly: "Hullo."

"Hullo, George. You look funny."

"Funny?" said George. "I mean, you're not wearing your cave man's leopard skin. I expected to see you come striding up swinging a club."

"Well, I would have, but I had to clean up at the office first. Well, that's the last time I'll see that place."

"Why, what do you mean, George? Aren't they supposed to give you your job back after the war?"

"Yes. But I won't want it. After we're through with this war and I stop drawing blueprints for the naval yard, we'll live somewhere wonderful and I'll design houses. People will want houses. I was tired of that job anyhow."

"Aren't you looking a bit ahead?" said Beth.

"Not farther than to-morrow, really. Do we get married to-morrow? Or would you rather wait until I can't get tyres?"

She smiled.

"George, maybe we shouldn't get married so soon."

"Why not? All my life I've drifted about waiting to run into you. I'm sure about you. I thought we'd gone into all that. And as far as a home goes, I'll just ask Greg—he's the guy who shares my flat—to move out and you can put the ruffles on the curtains while you're waiting late supper for me."

She said: "Darling, you haven't met my family yet."

That stopped him dead in his tracks. He had forgotten all about her family.

Beth said: "You realise they never heard of you before this morning. Father nearly choked when I said I was going to marry you."

"Doesn't he like me?" said George hollowly.

"Darling, he hasn't met you. I promised to bring you to supper soon."

"Soon?" said George. "I see, soon. That's fine."

BETH stared out of the window. "Father said we're not in the wilds of nature now. Father said wartime or no wartime you don't marry a man you've known ten days. Father said marriage is a social custom and we can't ignore society. That's what father said."

That was the first inkling he had. He heard the rumble in the distance of social machinery getting set to draw Beth and George into going its way.

He swallowed. "Maybe I shouldn't mention it to your old man that I don't intend to go back to my old job after the war?"

"Maybe you shouldn't. He's already looked up your firm. He says it's solid. He says your future is probably assured."

"That's nice of him." He didn't want to be prejudiced against her father, and he admitted that she had responsibilities toward her school and parents.

"When am I supposed to come up for review?" he said. "It had better be to-morrow. Because on Wednesday I start at the shipyard, and I don't knock off until eight."

"To-morrow, then," said Beth. So he went to dinner at Beth's home on Tuesday night.

He looked vaguely about at the walls that had housed her for a long time, and finally Beth put her hand under his elbow and steered him into a living-room, and said in a tremolo, but with pride: "Mother and Dad, this is George."

George. There he was. George, on the mat for inspection.



"I fell in love with George the cave man," Beth said softly.

of domesticity. She just wants me."

"She'll be the house-proud little wife and you'll be bringing home the bacon. It starts with an engagement party, and it goes on."

"Don't be idiotic," George said. "I wouldn't pick a girl who wants an engagement party. Not these days, anyhow."

In the latter part of May, the girls at the school gave Beth an engagement party.

"Why do you have to have an engagement party?" said George.

"I didn't ask for it. But the girls are so excited about our wedding I couldn't refuse."

"Why are they excited? Is it any of their business?"

"Well, in a sort of way, it is. So many of them spent the Easter vacation as I did, and nothing has happened to them."

George definitely did not like the idea of being an omen to a dozen anxious schoolmarmas, but he couldn't put it into words. All he wanted to do was be Beth's husband with the least fuss possible. But he agreed to call for her after the party.

He arrived too early, because he had come immediately from the shipyard. A dozen schoolmistresses measured him with their eyes, and he quietly hated them.

He said painstakingly to Beth on the way home: "Dearest, do you remember Easter?"

"How could I forget it?"

"Well," he said. "I can't see the sense of waiting any longer. You have your dishcloths. Why can't we be married to-morrow?" and he added graciously: "Your family can come along if they want to be in at the kill."

"All right, darling. You tell them."

George mentioned his impending marriage to Beth's family the next evening. He was not prepared for what followed. All he said was: "How about coming with Beth and me to a registrar's office to-morrow? Just the four of us."

Beth's mother burst into tears. George's spine went chill.

Mrs. Waite managed to control herself finally and said: "Beth is our only child. Do you think we want her to go off like a nobody? You're just using this feeling of wartime rush as an excuse."

Please turn to page 20

"How do you do?" he said in a voice he had never heard before.

Mr. Waite shook George's hand. Mr. Waite cleared his throat and said: "I hear you're in a great hurry to get married. What's the rush? You're not going into the Army, are you?"

"No," said George. "It's just that I'm starting a twelve-hour-a-day job down at the naval yard, and I won't have much time for courtship."

Mr. Waite said: "Well, George, if you're going to be so tied up with the war effort I suggest you wait until the war is over. And then you'll go back to your splendid job and you'll be all set."

George was so flabbergasted at this cool-headed logic that he couldn't think of a word in his own defence. He sat through the supper and it was probably good. All he wanted to do, really, was to grab Beth away from this setting and flee with her into the country. But Beth was being sprightly and gay, trying to make him feel at home, and he was forced to behave as if he were.

He saw Beth late the next night. "Beth," he said. "Do you want to wait until the war is over?"

"No, darling, I don't. But I think we should wait until the school term is over. That's the end of June. It's only two and a half months."

"Two months!" George said. "You don't think we should get married immediately?"

"We'll be married in two and a half months. Meanwhile, you'll get adjusted to your new job. You can't get adjusted to everything at once."

"All right," he agreed feebly. "but we'll drive up and get Judge Bender to marry us."

They kissed as they had kissed in the country, aware of just the two of them.

Two weeks later, Greg, George's room-mate, said: "Say, when are you two going to be married? I've had my luggage packed since Easter. I'd like to know where I stand."

"At the end of June," George confided, "so make yourself comfortable."

"I thought you were going to be married two weeks ago. What's the matter?"

"We were too hasty."

"Is that what the folks said?" asked Greg cunningly.

"That's what we decided," said George manfully.

"Hah!" Greg snorted.

"What do you mean?"

"Just hah! George, old man. I think I have her taped. She grabbed a man while the grabbing was good, and now that she's hooked you, she's going to want things set to a pattern, like her old man. You just wait. You'll be married on one of your rare days off with a few thousand people breathing down your neck, and after that you'll tread the straight and narrow path, and believe me, it's narrow."

"Beth doesn't want the trappings

ONE train a day puffed lazily into the little wayside halt in a slumbering Welsh valley; and always the newcomer in the lonely cottage on the mountainside watched its arrival through powerful binoculars.

Few people alighted in that remote spot. That made observation a very simple business. But the watcher on the mountainside did not relax his vigilance on that score. Sooner or later, he told himself, the men he sought would be sure to appear.

Within a week his patience was rewarded. There came a morning when he focused his binoculars upon two alighting passengers, whom he recognised instantly as Reeves and Waller.

He betrayed no tremor as he discerned the two familiar figures of his enemies. They were desperate men, he knew, or they would not have trailed him for more than two hundred miles. And he was fairly sure they were killers.

He darted back into the cottage and busied himself with numerous preparations.

Then, when he had satisfied himself that all was ready, he lolled back idly in a rocking-chair and lit a pipe.

And that is how Reeves and Waller found him when, perspiring profusely after their climb, they strode unceremoniously through the open doorway into the main room of the tiny cottage.

Before John Evans could scramble out of the rocking-chair, his visitors had drawn revolvers and were holding him covered.

"Fancy meeting you!" he drawled with exaggerated calmness.

"Not much fancy about it!" snapped Reeves. "Better start facing facts, Evans. We're here on business."

"I can appreciate that," returned Evans.

"I expect you're surprised to see us?"

"I'd never be surprised at any-



THE HUNTER HUNTED

Mystery drama by
GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

thing you two s c o u n d r e l s might do!" was the retort.

The intruders e x c h a n g e d grim glances.

"Oh," went on Reeves, "we know you enjoyed quite a reputation for coolness and bluff back in London. It's said that you've talked your way out of a good many tight corners in your time. But that won't help you here. You know you're cornered; and you know what we've come for. Hand it over."

"You don't want much!" Evans remarked sarcastically.

"On the contrary," said Waller tersely, "we want £20,000; that's the value of the Warne Emerald, I believe. Worth going a long way for, eh? Even worth burying yourself in a forsaken hole like this for a time! Only you didn't go far enough to shake us off."

"Evidently not," said Evans.

"And now we're here we want that stone, see? Come on, hand it over!"

"Surely you can't expect me to part with anything so valuable after all the risks I took in acquiring it? You had several attempts at getting it yourselves—and failed. I got it first time!"

"What did I tell you?" ejaculated Reeves. "When a 'tec turns crooked he always puts on airs. Well, we'll soon take him down a peg!"

"Oh, I admit you have the better of me now," said Evans candidly. "But I can't say that you deserve it. After all, if my memory serves me, you've had about three separate attempts to get hold of the Warne Emerald—even going to the lengths of murder in your efforts to get it."

"No one could pin that on us," retorted Reeves. "Besides, you're a fine one to preach! It looks pretty black when a trusted detective, who has been well paid for years to protect his employer's jewels, goes and helps himself to the most valuable gem in the whole collection!"

"Oh, I'm not trying to preach!" said Evans. "I admit I abused a position of trust. But there'd been too many attempts to get his lordship's jewels for my liking; and I didn't want to share old dad Carden's fate. I happened to be the first to find the poor old fellow after you two had finished with him. It wasn't a pleasant sight, believe me!"

"It was his own fault," blurted out Waller. "We warned him plainly enough what would happen if he resisted."

"He was a brave man, and he died fighting!" commented Evans.

"He brought it on himself," cut in Reeves. "And the same thing will happen to you unless you hand over that stone."

"I can quite believe that," answered Evans calmly. "Two thugs who would murder an old nightwatchman in cold blood and then deliberately disfigure him as an afterthought could hardly be expected to show much mercy to a renegade sleuth who had beaten them at their own game."

There was an awkward pause, during which Evans puffed placidly at his pipe while the two intruders stood, rather foolishly, revolvers in hand, waiting for him to surrender his plunder.

But the man in the rocking-chair made no such gesture; instead, he went on talking in quiet, even tones.

"You're bigger fools than I bargained for," he observed. "Suppose

you do kill me as you killed old Carden. Where will it get you?"

"Look here, Evans, you can't bluff your way out of this," Waller said. "You won't gain anything by stalling."

"On the contrary," interposed Evans with a note of triumph. "I've gained more than you imagine. For one thing, I've got your joint admission that it was you who murdered old Carden. Let me see, what was it you said, Waller? Oh, yes, I remember: 'We warned him plainly enough what would happen to him!' And I believe Reeves obligingly added: 'He brought it on himself.' I suspected it was your handiwork; now I know!"

"Well, you won't know it for long," cut in Waller angrily. "As soon as we get that stone you'll get a taste of Carden's medicine! You've been a bit too clever!"

"How right you are!" commented Evans smoothly. "And yet, how wrong! You see, I'm not the only witness of this little interview. You'll doubtless be interested to

know that you've been under constant observation all the time you've been here.

"And at this very moment you are being covered by my assistants, who are waiting in the next room. Had I given the signal, they would have shot you instantly—they're just behind you now!"

Reeves swung round with an oath, but Waller upbraided him for a fool.

"Don't fall for that yarn!" he cried furiously. "You know he's always been a prince of bluffers—"

He broke off abruptly. Even as he was speaking, a door behind them had swung open and two burly men, armed with heavy automatic pistols, burst into the room.

At the same instant Evans leapt to his feet and drew his own pistol. Waller had the presence of mind to fire at the leading man, but Evans dashed his wrist upward with a lightning blow and the bullet crashed into the ceiling.

There was a short, sharp scuffle, which ended with Reeves and Waller being disarmed and handcuffed.

Evans smiled grimly upon them. "Change your methods, change your luck!" was the detective's cheerful comment. "I suspected you two beauties were responsible for Carden's murder, but I hadn't any proof. I got tired of trailing you, and decided that I would find a way of making the mountain come to Mahomet."

"So, with Lord Warne's permission, I put out that report that I'd turned crook and stolen his finest emerald. Then I came up to this hide-out, leaving a trail behind me as wide as a barn-door. I guessed you wouldn't be long in coming after me, and I had everything in readiness for you!"

As he spoke he strode across the room and moved a picture to one side, revealing a microphone.

"Every word spoken since your arrival has been recorded on a dictaphone in the other room," he announced with a grin. "And I need hardly remind you that the record includes your virtual spoken confession of joint complicity in the murder of old dad Carden."

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THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

*This diagnosis applies to
you if you are subject to*
Rheumatism — Backache
Muscular Pains
High Blood Pressure



Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes puffed and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flashes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart.

M49A

MURDER IN TOW

By...
CHRISTOPHER HALE

BUNDY PECKHAM, young, lovely, and impulsive, is under suspicion of murdering her grandfather, wealthy TOM PECKHAM. She admits quarrelling with him the night of the murder, while the money she was to inherit on his death provides sufficient motive.

LIEUTENANT BILL FRENCH, of the Michigan State Police, recuperating from a gunshot wound, at the home of his aunt, MRS. HARRISON PAIGE, is enlisted by her to aid Bundy, together with STEPHEN JAMES, a family friend. He finds popular feeling strongly against CORINNE, Peckham's spiteful young widow, and is himself suspicious of her association with a stranger whose name, he ascertains, is ALBERT SINCLAIR. Complicating the case is Corinne's horrified discovery that, except for the money due to Bundy, Peckham was almost bankrupt.

Bill begins investigations in earnest. Then, having supper with his aunt and her friend, MRS. ABBY GILLAM, he realises, on biting into a cookie, that it is poisoned. Mrs. Gillam, who has eaten several, becomes very ill, but recovers under treatment from the doctor. Bill questions the cook, MRS. WARNER, and her daughter, PETUNIA, but to no purpose, then receives the doctor's report that the kind of cookies he ate were filled with poison, while those Mrs. Gillam ate contained none.

He tells his aunt about this.

Now read on—

STARING at her nephew, Mrs. Paige gasped: "But, William, how could that be? Abby must have eaten one of the raisin kind or the doctor must have made a mistake."

Bill shook his head. "No, Mrs. Gillam declares she ate none of the raisin cookies. Hates 'em. Told the cook to use figs. When she saw the cook had used raisins, anyway, she ate only iced cookies."

"But perhaps absent-mindedly she—"

"Listen, Aunt Olive. The doctor analysed the contents of his stomach pump. There were no raisins. No poison of any kind."

Mrs. Paige looked dazed. "But she was sick. You can't get around that."

"But was she?"

"What on earth do you mean?" Bill stared silently at the ground for a while. Then he said softly and soberly, "Aunt Olive, do you think it possible Mrs. Gillam could have had anything to do with Tom Peckham's death? Now wait. Don't fly off the handle. Think."

"But I don't have to think. Not for a second. The idea is perfectly preposterous. A hundred times no."

"But—"

"In the first place, William, why should she care if he lived or died?"

"He might have been cruel to her husband, caused him to die of a broken heart or disappointment or—"

"Bosh!" His aunt laughed roughly. "I didn't like to say this in front of Abby, but Ed Gillam was a mean, selfish pig. He treated her like a servant, but she nursed him just as tenderly through his last illness as if he'd been decent. Was up day and night. He was too mean to pay for a nurse. And as I said before, the cruellest thing he did was to let his insurance lapse. The minute I heard of it I sent for her."

Bill tried to be patient. "Perhaps she disliked Peckham on some other score."

"But she didn't even know the man except by sight. It seems to me, William, that you're getting a trifle fantastic."

"How do you explain it then?"

"I think it was just another of Abby's little panics. She always catches everything that's going the rounds. If anyone with a cold comes in the house Abby has one the next day. If she even reads the symptoms of a disease in the paper she can work up a case."

Bill stared. "You haven't been talking to Dr. Ransome, have you?"

"Certainly not. Why?"

"That's his diagnosis. He claims it was sheer hysteria. Says she's an unusually suggestible type. Says she took fire from my suggestion about the cookies being queer."

"See! That's exactly what I mean. It's awfully irritating, but it's one of Abby's few faults. William, surely you don't think I am such a poor judge of character as to make a friend of a woman capable of murder."

Bill smiled at her. Her nice, padded world was shut off completely from the one he knew in his daily pursuit of the wicked. It was futile to argue.

Mrs. Gillam still puzzled him. Surely she wouldn't have declared so readily she didn't like raisins and had eaten none if she were responsible for the poison. What's more, if she had known what the poison was she would have known the correct symptoms and pretended to have them. Instead she merely gave indications of extreme fear.

After a pause, Mrs. Paige sat up stiffly. "Well, there's only one explanation possible. That Peckham woman managed somehow to contaminate a box of raisins, and smuggle it into my house."

He said seriously, "Aunt Olive, let's face this thing. I want you to fire your cook. I do not trust that woman."

Her face hardened. "Too bad. It's plain you have never tried to get a good cook and teach her your ways. You have already said she knows nothing about it."

"I said that's what she says."

A heavy silence rocked with opposing wills. Mrs. Paige stared at her nephew with an expression exactly like the one he trained upon her. At last she said, "We can all make mistakes. I am not going to fire the best cook I ever had just because that Peckham woman managed to put poison into our food. There's the person you should be going after."

"It's your house, Aunt Olive, and it was your idea that we but into this murder case. But don't forget, I'm telling you. If you don't get rid of that cook you'll be either dead—or sorry."

MR. PAIGE tossed her head. But she cast a dubious glance toward the kitchen. Bill decided to leave her to think it over.

He noticed for the first time that Mrs. Gillam's bedroom window was only ten feet away. No doubt she had heard everything. He strolled off, trying to control his exasperation. If his aunt thought he was through questioning the cook on that little mystery she was badly mistaken.

Mrs. Paige side-stepped the issue by giving all the servants Sunday off. Bill agreed to look out for himself. A tea-shop in the neighborhood would send in meals for the two women. Bill offered to take them down to the Pennsylvania Hotel for dinner. Mrs. Paige declined.

"Abby says she's all right, but I shan't go off and leave her. She's still not steady on her legs. You run along, William, and forget us."

He had a leisurely dinner at two, came out of the hotel dining-room at a quarter-past three, and drove down through what would be the



Leaning heavily on the colored man, Tollman shuffled in, apparently pleased to have a visitor.

business section of most cities. He'd been wanting to explore the southern bulge of Pinellas Peninsula. This seemed a propitious moment.

He had expected to see factories, warehouses, fishing piers, or perhaps handsome estates. What he found was acres and acres of wilderness. Some original and some repossessed. On his left glimpses now and then of Tampa Bay shimmering in the afternoon sunlight.

Every mile or so he came upon pretentious stone or brick gateposts. Neck deep in weeds. Cracked urns, curving entrance walls drowning in vines. Remnants of cement drives fought a losing battle with spur grass. Behind were groups of immense, once-costly stucco mansions.

Most of the houses were boarded up. In others it was obvious people were merely camping. A few struggled to maintain respectability. To Bill's mind there was something incongruous about this grandiose real-estate project in connection with chummy, small-townish St. Petersburg.

He drove back to town again. He had looked up the address of Peckham's invalid friend, Jason Tollman, and intended to call on him. It was shortly after four that he turned in an avenue of charming white bungalows. Tollman's small, beautiful house was set in large grounds, newly planted.

A huge colored man whose sullen face was rather familiar answered the doorbell. Rather inhospitably he left Bill standing in the hall. Somewhere in the interior of the house, he could be heard waking at a quarter-past three, and drove down through what would be the

He led Bill into a white-and-rose living-room.

Tollman shuffled in. He leaned heavily on the colored man and on a cane. He seemed pleased to have a visitor. His smile made his bronzed face even handsomer.

Why didn't he like the man? Bill was puzzled. He usually made friends easily. Perhaps a matter of chemicals.

Bill introduced himself as a friend of the Peckhams. He watched the colored man settle Tollman on the sofa with almost savage solicitude. Tollman liked it.

"That's fine, Andrew. No, nothing more. Pass Mr. French the cigarettes. Yes, poor Tom's death was a terrible thing. A great shock to me."

He certainly didn't look it, Bill thought. He was doing himself very well here.

ANDREW offered Bill a large open silver box containing six varieties of cigarettes.

Bill slowly selected one, taking time to observe the man. It was Andrew's hands on the box that interested him particularly. Immense and brown, with rosy palms. Strong fingers. Capable hands. Here was strength enough to tighten that wire on Peckham's throat. And in the dark eyes was the flame of fanatical devotion to his employer.

Bill began abruptly, "I suppose you've heard Peckham was murdered." Neither man gave any indication of unusual interest.

"Yes," Tollman said. "I was there when they got him out of the water."

I happened to be in town at the time and hurried down to the pier, hoping it was a mistake."

Was his casual manner assumed? "Did you see Peckham's body, Mr. Tollman?"

"Only from a distance. They wanted me to try to identify the poor fellow, but I could see from a distance that it would be impossible. I've a bad heart. I didn't dare risk it."

Looking up, Bill found the big negro staring at him with the hostility of a lurking animal. The man quickly averted his eyes.

"Have you any doubt that the body is Peckham's?" He was not going to cut short his questions to please Tollman's watchdog.

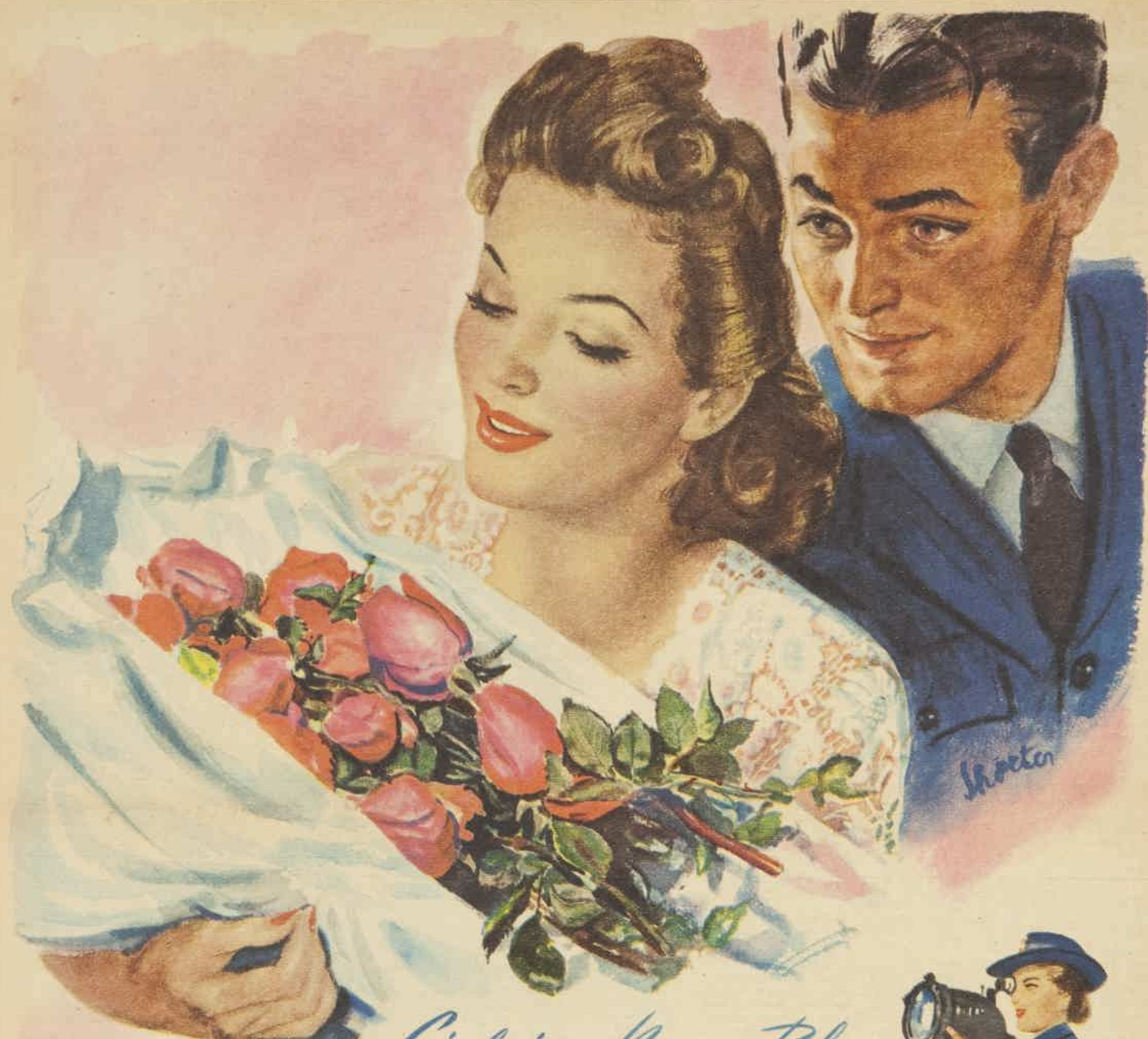
"We-ell, it's fantastic to suppose two men so much alike could have been killed at the same time. I don't want to believe it, but I'm afraid I do."

"I understand he was a good friend of yours."

"Yes. We played cribbage together once a week. He advised me on my little house here and recommended a builder. Said I needed an interest in life. It cost quite a bit more than I planned, but—I guess it's worth it."

Bill gave his highly favorable opinion. Tollman intrigued him. In spite of the friendly sentiments he expressed there was an undertone of hostility toward Peckham in the man's voice. It was possible for men, closely associated, to be antagonists under a surface intimacy. Dearest enemies.

Please turn to page 14



*Girl in Navy Blue
or lady in love...*



she's lovely with Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder

Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder for Dream Girl glamour... its texture is soft as a petal, yet so clinging! In four delicate blossom tints to lend your complexion a Dresden China charm... the charm that catches at a man's heart. And a girl can depend on Pond's "Lips" to go on smoothly... with a soft, shimmering gleam that stays put.

POND'S "LIPS" AND POND'S POWDER



P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.

Rendezvous With Sally

By
RICHARD SALE

THE pilots of Fighting 1 hung round the bulletin board in the ready room for a long time. They were still there when darkness came. Scouting 3 roosted aboard the flat-top and the crews filed in with their reports for the air officer, Commander Black.

Ensign Walt Harris, the Tail-End Charley of Fighting 1, stopped one of the scout-bomber pilots and asked anxiously, "Did you find him, Pete? Any sign of him at all?"

"Not a thing," Pete said solemnly. "Not even wreckage."

With the darkness came the usual order to darken ship. Call for mess followed, but the Fighting 1 boys hung by the bulletin board for a good word. They looked worried. You didn't lose a squadron-leader every day.

Finally, at 2000 hours, the AO posted a typewritten sheet glumly on the board and disappeared back into Airplot. The notice read: "In the defensive action this afternoon when the ship was attacked by three long-range Heinkel III's, Fighting 1 is credited with one confirmed kill and one probable. One of our aircraft failed to return. Lt. (j.g.) Alec Mason is missing and presumed lost."

A unified sigh permeated the ranks of the waiting pilots.

"What a rotten break," Walt Harris said huskily. "He was worried that we wouldn't get to England in time to see his girl. He hadn't seen her in nearly a year, and then she got herself shipped to England in some volunteer service. She was going to be sent up to Scotland and he was afraid he'd miss her."

"Somebody'll have to tell her," someone said.

"Not me," said Walt sadly. "I ain't up to it. Not by a jugful."

Yes, sir, Alec Mason thought ruefully as he winged his kite north-north-west at seven thousand feet in the bright moonlight, getting so the war has moments of danger. Guy doesn't know where he is half the time. Especially without instruments. Like me.

The panel was a mess, perfect material for a salvage drive. The gunner in the retractable turret of that Heinkel's belly had really poured it on. The radio was perforated like dive-bomber brakes, the radio compass was a sieve.

The trouble with me, Alec said, is that I am a spoiled son. I got one Heinkel, but was that enough? Not for Alec Eyes-of-the-Fleet Mason. If I hadn't tried to stretch my score to an even eight, I'd be sitting in the lounge-room of the flat-top right now with Walt and the gang. And as for Sally, Lord knows when, as and if I'll ever see her. Woe.

Getting lost meant that he couldn't relocate the aircraft-carrier. Not that she was something so precious that you would eat your heart out for her. She was just more convenient and drier than the sea.

While the Wildcat droned cheerfully for the English south coast, Alec decided to fiddle with the radio. All of it wasn't shot up, even if it did look bad. On the frequency for interplane communication, an ultra-short wave-length, he noted that when he switched to "Transmit" his antenna current indicator showed the rig was functioning. It showed nothing for any of the lower frequencies.

He decided to buzz the flat-top. He switched to "Transmit" and started modulating his microphone: "Six Fox Four to Base. Six Fox Four to Base. Buzz me, Miss Blue." He changed over to receiving, and the regenerative rush failed to disclose a welcome voice. He tried once more, and then desisted. It was obvious he was too far from the ship.

He left the receiver on and watched his stars. Stars were good

to have. Without a decent instrument, they were nice to steer by, and he was grateful for them and the lovely night beneath them. There was not too much gasoline, but he still had the emergency tank, and, from what he calculated, he should be able to reach England with some to spare. If he didn't find a field, he would hit the silk. That would be hard on the Wildcat. He was very fond of her.

Then the receiver seemed to come alive. There was a click, faint voices, and then just the noisy rush.

Funny, he thought, must be hitting in near the French coast too closely. He looked astern, over his starboard shoulder, and he hadn't cleared Brest and the Brittany capes by an awful lot. He could see the land astern which was unfree France. But it was behind him, and that meant England was only eighty rough miles ahead.

"Blue One to Blue Two. Do you see him, Smitty?"

"I see him, old boy."

"Scramble!"

"Wilco."

This esoteric conversation by way of his radio receiver took Alec Mason by mild surprise. If he had wanted confirmation that the receiver was operable still, the pair of British accents had just given it to him. They were obviously R.A.F. pilots, and their interplane radio was on the same frequency as his own. They were probably flying out across the Channel chasing a couple of adventurous Jerries.

HE listened again on the receiver.

"What do you make the blighter, Smitty?"

"Oh, an ME-One-oh-nine, of course. Look at the square-tipped wing. Take us down, Bert, and save some for me."

"Wait a bit," Bert replied. "Something wrong here. It's not an ME-One-oh-nine. Too thick through the fuselage, much too fat."

"Don't be silly. Moonlight's fooling you, Bert. Tallyho before he spots us."

"Righto. Come on."

Alec shrugged, puzzled. What kind of a plane was there that looked like a Messerschmitt 109, with the square-tipped wing, but had more breadth through the body? The only thing I can think of, he said to himself, is a Wildcat just like baby here.

He shrugged again, and started to settle back against his armor when he suddenly exploded, "A Wildcat! For the love of Mike, they mean me!"

He gunned the Wildcat full ahead and pulled the stick back precipitately, climbing at the moon flat on his tail, and as he went, red and green tracer arched across the darkness brightly. It was horribly good tracer, and it whistled by his ears so closely that its brightness illumined his wing.

The Wildcat climbed like a homesick angel, and as he rose Alec took a sharp look at the British night fighters. He recognised them as Havocs, the finest two-engined attack bombers that ever strafed a Hitlerian retreat. They were roaring up after him.

Alec pulled the Cat over on her back in a superb Immelmann, half-rolled at the top of it, and then peeled off in a breath-taking drop. He came up under the Havocs, passed on ahead, and made four snap rolls playfully in plain view of the forward machine-guns.

His receiver crackled.

"I say, Smitty! Hold your fire. I told you there was something odd about that ship. It's got a white star on the right wing. It's a Yank!"

"Blue Two to One," Smitty said ruefully. "Sorry, old boy, for pushing you a bit. I'm a fool. But it really tricked me. It's a naval plane, I think."

"Righto. Is he in trouble, do you think?"



"For the love of Mike! Sally!" Alec yelled at the top of his lungs.

Bert looked blank. "You mean, she's with the Red Cross unit at Truro? Well, old boy, I'll get you a car and you can meander over there quite simply with an escort."

"Do you think so?" Alec said, elated. "You see, she's being shipped to some place up in Scotland on the tenth, according to this letter, and I'd never get up there."

"Know just how you feel," Smitty ruminated. "I was in love once myself. Drove me batty."

An officer entered and saluted, "Lieutenant, will you please come with me to Air Intelligence? We've

contacted the Naval Command at Plymouth."

"But yes," Alec said. "Thank you."

Air Intelligence was not unlike Airplot. A high-ranking British officer smiled at him, shook hands. They sat down. "I've called Captain Hadrack, who is in command of the U.S. naval depot station at Plymouth, Lieutenant. He will inform your ship of your safe arrival in England. Your orders are to proceed to Plymouth as soon as your plane is airworthy. I'll assign you a Spitfire escort."

Please turn to page 18

Missus



always
misses!

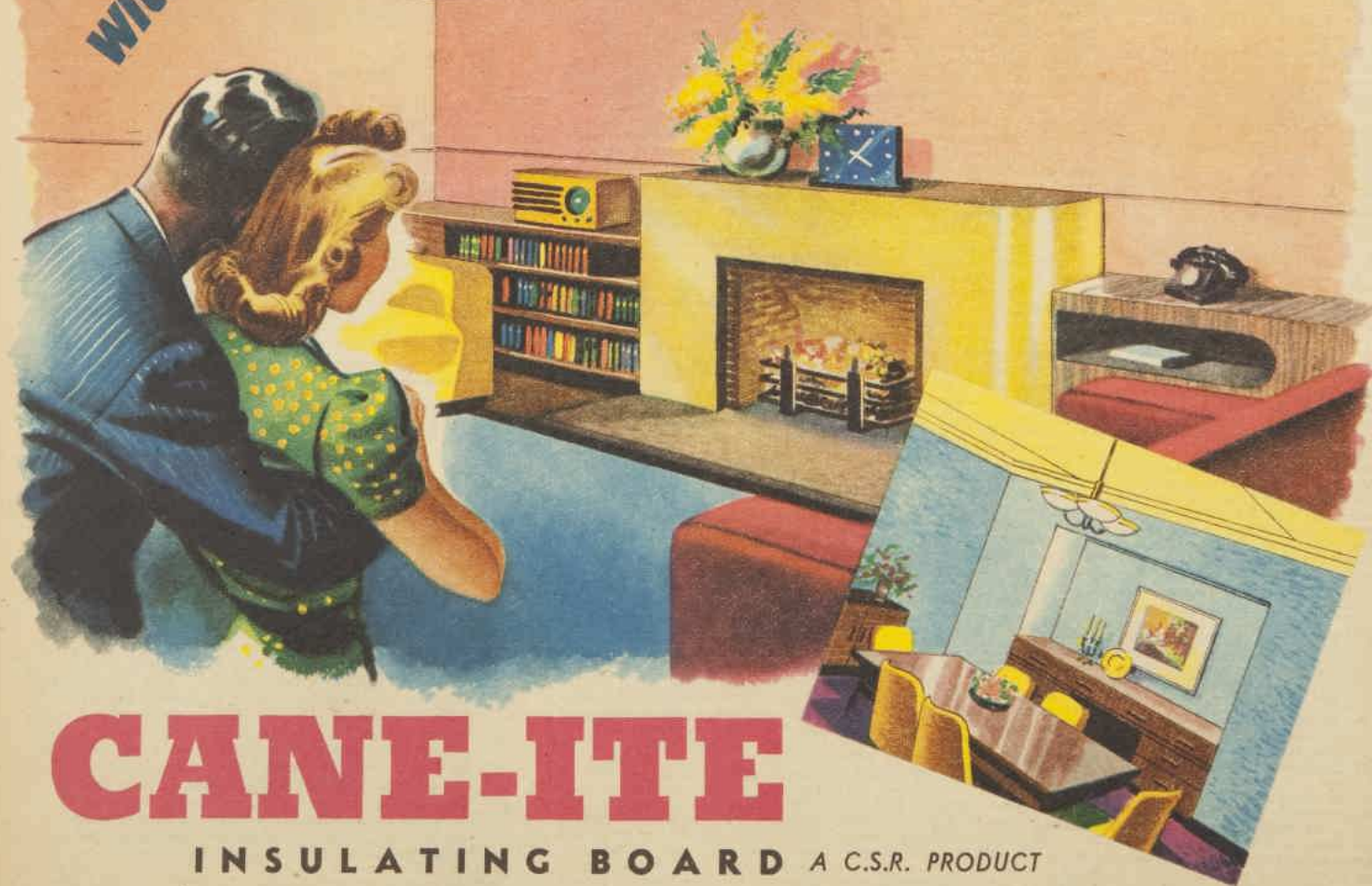
She stands at the alert in querulous queues... goes gunning for groceries... battles with butchers. She route-marches for rations, bombards tradesmen, breaks down a barrage of bills. But Missus always misses on the things SHE badly needs. She wants a refrigerator. Can't get it. She wants a washing machine. Nothing doing. She wants a better radio. War forbids. Well... Tasma believes that "it won't be long now" — so Tasma is getting the plans in hand. And the moment Tojo totters, Tasma will get busy... to ensure that Missus no longer misses on the things she so sorely needs.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY TASMA RADIO... THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD.

THE house you are planning may be just a bunch of ideas at the moment . . . sketches, suggestions, inspirations which have occurred to you as you think and plan and talk about your post-war home.

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First English A.T.S. girls land in France

They are vanguard of army of women

Cabled by MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff

Eighteen young English girls of the Auxiliary Territorial Service have just arrived in Normandy for duty at Rear Headquarters of the 21st Army Group.

They form the vanguard of the great women's army which will soon be in France, helping to speed the wheels of the Allied Army of Liberation in its drive to Berlin.

THE girls had known for some time that they were going and had spent many hours trying to learn French and attending lectures on French customs so that they could establish friendly relations with the local people when they landed on "the other side."

But life had settled down to routine again, so when the sudden order to leave in twenty-four hours came through there was great excitement.

For their transport the girls were provided with three 3-ton trucks. These were driven by Eighth Army drivers, as the trucks would be too heavy for girls to drive on the bad Normandy roads.

The trucks took the girls to a transit camp near the South Coast of England.

On arrival they were provided immediately with a very solid meal. Then they changed their respirators to service type respirators and were given some advance pay in francs.

For some of them it was the first time they had seen foreign currency.

They were told their future address would be name, unit, and then "British Liberation Army."

That night there was a farewell party in the sergeants' mess.

The girls were sent to bed at 11.30 p.m., and a little while after their officer came round to say that reveille would be at 3.45 a.m.

"Tannoy"—the loud-speaker system—bellowed out "Calling draft No. 80-and-80. This is reveille. In forty-five minutes you will be breakfasting."

"At 5.30 a.m. you will be in your transports."

Every quarter-hour from then on "Tannoy" kept barking out how the schedule stood, until finally it shepherded the eighteen girls on to the transports on time, after a meal of bacon and fried bread and a good hot cup of tea. After a long drive to the embarkation point the party had to wait five hours, parked in a quiet little street where a woman resident took the girls under her wing.

Treacle tart

A WIDOW with a son who is a petty-officer in the Navy, she has ever since D-Day been mothering boys going over to the other side. She said that girls made a nice change, and gave her new guests treacle tart to eat, and gave them facilities for a hot wash.

An Army canteen came round and issued the A.T.S. party with tins of bully beef, bread, butter, and cheese, as a sort of emergency ration.

Then they drove down on to the beach to watch their ship come in. It was an L.S.T.—Landing Ship, Tanks.

"She wasn't beautiful, and she didn't look like a dream ship," said one of the girls. "But she was certainly a dream ship to us."

"She had been in all the landings—Africa, Sicily, Italy, and now Normandy—and as she'd just come from the dock after repairs, she was shining and smart-looking."

The officers on the L.S.T. made the girls very welcome, and turned out of their cabins to make room for their A.T.S. passengers.

All the girls wanted to be the first to set foot on Norman soil.

As soon as the bow gates were opened they rushed down the ramp—to be welcomed by some Tommies who had heard over the B.B.C. that they were coming, and came down to meet them.



FRENCH VILLAGERS listen to news from a British Army car radio. British Army men and women studied French language and customs to aid co-operation.



FIRST WOMEN to arrive in Normandy beach-head were members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service. They prepared their beds in trenches in case of bombing.



AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE GIRLS resting after a route march. The first group of eighteen arrived in Normandy recently.

So now the girls don't know who won the race.

The lorries were formed up in convoy, and the A.T.S. drove through the night toward their camp.

"This was a bit creepy," one of them said next day. "We could see gun flashes in the sky, and some German planes came over, but apparently thought we weren't worth bombing because they went away after our Bofors shot one down."

The A.T.S. had never been so close to the front line before.

"This made us too proud to be frightened," one said. "About midnight they reached their camp and found tents up, ground sheets down, and oil lamps ready to light."

Bully beef

TWO days before the camp had been a field full of thistles, and the girls were very impressed with the good job the men had done for them.

"We didn't have to use the scythe we brought over for the thistles," one said, "which was perhaps just as well, as every girl likes to walk round on two good legs."

The new arrivals were taken across the fields to the men's mess for a meal of bully beef and tea, but, just as they reached the mess tent, German planes came over again, and lights had to be put out.

"I don't suppose the men would have made so many wisecracks if they'd known there were two of our officers with us," one girl remarked, "but I suppose they thought they should try to cheer us up."

Next day, twelve hours after they had arrived, the A.T.S. were hard at work at their typewriters. The camp is very comfortable, although the only concession made to the fact that its occupants are women is that they sleep in real beds with sheets.

Drinking water is laid on—it is a rich yellow-brown color, but perfectly good—and it is possible to get a sort of hot bath by lifting one of the galvanised iron bowls from the rack in the ablutions tent, standing it on the ground, and ladling water over yourself.

The girls peg their washing

to tent guy ropes, which gives the camp a homely look.

There is a free issue every day of six cigarettes, seven boiled sweets, and a bar of chocolate, and there is a little dairy nearby where the girls can buy cream.

"It's fun hitch-hiking round the countryside in our free time in jeeps, exploring little villages, trying to talk French to the locals," they said.

"The cows graze all through our camp, and are milked on the spot by a little Frenchman, who trundles round in a donkey cart."

TENTS AND MARQUEES were erected for hospitals and personnel. Similar accommodation has been provided for the A.T.S.

The ground inside the tents is dug out to a depth of two feet, and ground sheets are spread on the floor under the beds, so the girls need only roll out their beds on to their ground sheets to be in a perfect blast-proof shelter.

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OUR COVER: Exhibition of dolls

Happy little girl on our cover this week is Francoise Brenac, six-year-old daughter of Monsieur Andre Brenac, representative in Australia of the French Provisional Government in Algiers, and Madame Brenac, of Mosman.

FRANCOISE is especially proud of the dolls because they are replicas of the 300 exquisitely dressed French dolls which she and other Sydney youngsters are helping to make as gifts for the children of liberated France.

The dolls are entries in a competition arranged by members and supporters of the French community in Sydney, in conjunction with the Spirit of France Exhibition to be held at Farmer's Blackland Galleries from September 25 to October 7.

In all, 850 French dolls are being made by child and adult competitors. They will be sent to the children of liberated parts of France as soon as shipping facilities permit.

The number had to be limited because of wartime shortages of

material, and no further dolls are available.

Francoise, who has 14 cousins in France, some in Paris and others in Marseilles, in the south, is hoping that they will be among the lucky young recipients of the dolls.

In any case, like the other youngsters who are putting so much time, love, and patience into the making of the dolls, she's thrilled and happy to know that every doll will help to warm the heart of some little French girl.

Eager response

WHEN the competition was first mooted it was hoped that schoolchildren would represent the greater number of participants.

Organisers were not disappointed. With the co-operation of the Education Department, the competition met with an eager response from schools in the metropolitan area.

The idea of making and giving a doll to a less fortunate little girl in France immediately appealed to every youngster.

Together with adult competitors, the children besieged the committee for patterns, materials, and directions for making the dolls.

These the committee supplied in 12 different patterns of natural costumes of France, including some of Brittany and Normandy, at a cost of 2/6, with an additional 6d. for filling.

At one metropolitan school 500 pupils asked for patterns, and requests continued to pour in from as far afield as Adelaide.

Competitors were divided into two sections: Under 15 years, and adults and children over 15 years of age.

Prizes for both sections are: First prize, £25; second prize, £10; and third prize, £5. There are also 40 half-guinea prizes.

All entries must be in by September 9, when judging will take place.

Best entries will be on display at the Spirit of France Exhibition at the Blackland Galleries, Sydney, where they should attract considerable attention.

Editorial

AUGUST 26, 1944.

NEW LANDING IN FRANCE

TIMES have changed on the French Riviera.

Before the war wealthy people from all over the world used to bask in fabulous luxury alongside its cobalt waters.

Now the Allies have landed with fire and sword.

For days beforehand Allied aircraft had pulverised the shore defences.

Before dawn on the great day a mighty naval bombardment began.

It was still not light when the first paratroops landed two miles inland.

Throughout the action the Allied Air Force had everything its own way.

Once again the Riviera landing proved that whoever controls the air will win every battle in the long run.

Every time the British armies have retreated they have done so under a rain of enemy bombs.

In France in 1940 the blitzkrieg was at its zenith.

Dunkirk was a magnificent improvisation, with all available British aircraft, some of it completely obsolete, swarming in a dense mass over a small area.

Now the tables are turned.

As the German infantry and armor move back they are constantly harried and disorganised by attack from the air.

They must send a fresh army against the new thrust from the south.

These forces will give further scope to Allied airmen, who grow bolder and bolder, and fly lower and lower as they find the opposition to them becoming less and less.

There is no hope for Germany now.

Britain and America have learned the lessons of the blitzkrieg, and they will press their advantage home until the challenger has bitten the dust.

Airmen talk with Queen at concert

Captivated by her charm

Queen Elizabeth's charm and graciousness completely captivated an Australian airman who met her and the Princesses.

With another member of the R.A.A.F. he was sitting in the King's box for one of Sir Henry Wood's concerts at the Albert Hall, and the Queen talked to them both.

F/Sgt. Graeme Miller writes enthusiastically about this meeting with the Royal Family to his mother, Mrs. B. Miller, 71 Brighton St., Croydon, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH it's 1 a.m., I won't be able to sleep till I get this off my chest, so here goes! The point is that your youngest son has shaken hands with Royalty, so I'll tell you all about it.

"Once again I was given a couple of tickets for Sir Henry Wood's concert at the Albert Hall, and was put into the King's box.

"We had no idea (my pilot pal and myself) that anybody of note was coming, and when the orchestra played the National Anthem I stood to attention, and, sensing someone next to me, took a quick glance, and there was Queen Elizabeth with the two Princesses.

"You can imagine how I felt! The Queen shook hands with both of us, and said, 'How nice for you to be able to come along.'

"We stammered out some reply, and then, as the audience were clapping like mad, the Queen turned round and acknowledged the applause.

"As soon as it quietened down and the Princesses ranged up on either side, the Queen turned round and said, 'It should be a good concert, and I hope you enjoy it.' She then asked which State we came from, and we went on to discuss old Sir Henry Wood, who has just turned 75.

"Every time the music stopped the Queen turned round and spoke to us. She is absolutely beautiful, much more so than her pictures show.

"There were a couple of Canadian officers in the box with us, and the Queen stopped to have an odd word with them, but as Max and I were sitting directly behind the Royal party most of the conversation was with us.

"The concert finished, and once more the Queen shook hands with us, wished us good luck, and said, 'I'm so happy that you were able to come along,' and left us treading on air.

"The Princesses are very pretty and quite natural, but the Queen is so beautiful and charming that I had my breath taken away. I managed to snaffle her programme, and that will be stored away with many of my other treasures.

"I guess I'd better try to get some sleep, as Jerry hasn't been over yet, but we expect him any time now. Hope you feel as excited about this as I do."

Sgt. Wohlheim, somewhere in New Guinea, to his mother in Plympton, S.A.:

"Two of the chaps in our hut were flying late, so another chap and I decided to get tea for them, as the mess would have run out of food.

"First we set the table, using my groundsheet as a tablecloth.

"We had meat and potatoes with tomato sauce and toast as the first



MEDICAL UNIT. Men from Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide are included in this group of medical personnel photographed in New Guinea. Photo sent in by Miss Margaret Lavender, 9 Forest Avenue, Black Forest, South Australia.

course. Then we had pears and condensed milk for sweets and dried prunes to follow. Peanuts and coffee were also on the table.

"We found a tin, and put silver paper round it to make it look pretty, and filled it with cigarettes.

"You should have seen the looks on their faces when they stepped into the hut."

Torpedoman R. A. Kelly, in an R.A.N. destroyer serving with the British Navy, to Mrs. C. N. Herbert, Brighton Terrace, Sandgate, Qld.:

I FIND the work as a torpedoman very interesting.

"The ship is a very happy one and we have a good crew, and I do not think any of them have any fear at all, come what may.

"We get plenty of exercise in the form of swimming. We play water polo, and have rather a good team, but there are better ones in other ships.

"We play matches against other parts of the ship, such as torpedomen against stokers, and wireless operators against signalmen.

"Most of us have never felt fitter in all our lives, and some who could not swim a yard when they came aboard now get about like champions.

"It is far too hot where we are for football and such strenuous games, and I really think swimming is the most beneficial sport for us."

F/Sgt. D. Ford, R.A.A.F., somewhere in England, to his mother, Mrs. E. Ford, 8 Esther Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.:

"We took off as scheduled. After being airborne for just over 40 minutes the port engine spluttered and went dead; we were then well over the sea, and the plane began to lose height fairly rapidly.

"While this was happening I was sitting at the wireless quite ignorant of it all.

"When the pilot called me over the inter-com, and told me to tell base, I just thought he was pulling my leg, and laughed. However, it was not long before the operator was sitting down pounding out an S.O.S.

"I then realised it was actually happening, and began to carry out ditching procedure.

"I placed our rubber boat with all the emergency equipment near the rear door, jammed it open, jettisoned the rear emergency hatch, took all my harness off, and then sat on the floor and waited for the impact of hitting the drink.

"I didn't have very long to wait, as by that time we were about fifty feet from the sea.

"On landing I threw the boat into

the water and we all piled in, and paddled away from our sinking kife.

"It was not very long before we were picked up by a fishing smack and taken to Northern Ireland. Here we were put into hospital, where we remained for the day, and then a couple of kites picked us up and brought us back here after a most enjoyable day. It really was, too. I'd like to do it again."

Leading-Stoker F. J. Bell, R.A.N., to his mother, Mrs. Ivy Bell, 26 Victoria St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.:

IM in hospital after being operated on for appendicitis. The skater is very nice, and when she makes ice-cream and jelly for the tonsillitis patients she gives me the basins to get what I can out of them.

"Gee, it reminds me of home, and Sister enjoys it as much as I do.

"The chap in the bed next to me can get up, and waits on me like a Good Samaritan.

"He makes my bed, and even washes my back for me."

Dvr. C. B. Tepper, somewhere in Northern Australia, to his brother, Harold Tepper, Lobethal, Dalmore, Vic.:

A RACE meeting was held on one of the stations not far from here, and most of us were taken out there for the afternoon.

"Most of the horses were just hacks like those at home, and anybody rode them.

"We had a couple of races, when the sisters and nurses from hospital were the riders.

"One of the sisters from our ward, who is 6ft. 3in. tall, rode one of the horses.

"We told her that we would back her if she would guarantee not to drag her legs on the ground."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For shorter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

What's on your mind?

Watched

YOUNG couples getting married have an impossible task to find homes, and generally "home to mother" is the only solution.

Husbands coming down on leave do not want to share the house with the family, and feel they are being watched all the time.

The Government should release men to build homes for young married couples, preference being given to servicemen. There should be a small rental of 25/- per week, so that they could pay off the house, and make it their own.

We want more babies; but first there must be homes to put them in.

—Edna Hildred, 24 Blaxland Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

One only

YES, Sarah (The Australian Women's Weekly, 29/7/44), in one case I know you are right in suggesting the fathers are partially to blame for the declining birthrate.

My husband announced that our family will be limited to the one we already have.

He said: "In these times of uncertainty it would hardly be fair to either the

READERS are invited to write to us this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but necessarily for publication, but preference will be given to letters with which full signatures can be published.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and named letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

—Sarah Anne, Woolloowin, Qld.

Impossible

I DO not agree with L. Kurnan (The Australian Women's Weekly, 29/7/44) in her contention that divorce should be abolished.

What would be the fate of the unfortunate individual tied to an impossible partner for life, even if a legal separation were obtained?

A chance of happiness with another partner would be denied, and two lives ruined because of a mistake made in the past.

—Fanchon, Ballarat North, Vic.

Ideal

THE ideal movie suitable for children should not contain anything to cause fright or fear.

There should be nothing to glorify crooks, extenuate malice, condone cruelty, or cause young children to ask embarrassing questions of their elders.

—Alison Bullock, The Bungalow, Eglinton, via Bathurst, N.S.W.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"That darn seedman must have sold me popcorn by mistake!"

Gay new variety session

A new 45-minute variety show will be heard from Station ZGB on Wednesday, August 23, at 8 p.m.

It is the successor to "Rhythm Inn," which recently closed its doors after a successful season on ZGB.

POPULAR Jack Burgess is the compere in the new show, and an outstanding feature is the music of Denis Collinson and his band.

Denis began his musical career in England, where he was born. He was a violinist, and at one time was a choir boy at the Chapel Royal, London.

He sang at the wedding of our present King and Queen.

He plans in this show to alternate up-to-the-minute hits with evergreens of musical comedy.

Singing stars include Peggy Brooks, Terry Howard, and the Three Shades in Blue.

Listeners will welcome back Dorothy (Dilly) Foster, who will provide a comedy spot with her non-sensical telephone conversations.

Kitty Bluett and Canadian-born Don Baker, the popular comedy team of "Rhythm Inn," are together again in the new show.

The first broadcast on Wednesday, August 23, will present as guest stars George Nichols, vaudeville actor, and William Herbert, tenor.

"Rise and Shine"

"Rise and Shine," the popular Monday night Army Camp Concert and Quiz Show, has been extended to three-quarters of an hour from Monday, August 28. It will be heard from 8 p.m. to 8:45 p.m.

For some years, "Rise and Shine" has been presented from camps and hospitals. The party will still visit these centres, but after the first 15 minutes the session will cross to the Macquarie Auditorium to Hal Lambwood and Denis Collinson and his band.

From the Auditorium will come 15 minutes of the "All Service Session," which will include quiz for servicemen and servicewomen chosen from the audience. Finally, the last quarter-hour of "Rise and Shine" will be broadcast from the camp.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM ZGB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, August 23: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 24: (from 4.30 to 4.45) Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, August 25: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Goodie Reeve in 'Gems of Melody'."

SATURDAY, August 26: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition."

SUNDAY, August 27: (4.15 to 5.0) The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 28: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 29: "Musical Alphabet."



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is out for vengeance on
NAILS: A gangster, who kidnapped
LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, in an attempt to stop Lothar's appearance at a championship wrestling match. Lothar escaped, but broke his arm in doing so.

Mandrake has used his hypnotism to frighten Nails; but abandoning this he challenges the thug to a fight. Mandrake crashes blow after blow into Nails' face, knocks him unconscious, and hands him over to the police. Meanwhile, Princess Narda waits outside.
NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

Mothering a family of four is her wartime job



FAMILY SCENE. Only a mother with an unshakable sense of humor can keep family life happy these days.

This intimate story of one home is true of thousands to-day

By COLINA BUDD

I had my fourth baby this year. It reminded me of three years ago when I was cheerfully preparing for my third. Everything was going according to plan... a plan to have a little pair when the big pair were lankily heading for the teens.

That the teens and the war coincided seemed of little consequence here in Australia. To have more babies was just a patriotic expression of faith in the future.

At that time the war had touched us lightly. Shopping was easy and couponless. The Women's Services and the munitions factories had not depleted hospitals of nursing or domestic staffs to any serious extent. And I had the perfect maid.

Came December, 1941, and still there had been no hitch in the plan.

But I had reckoned without the Emperor of Japan. In one black week in that month the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor, the perfect maid gave notice (a habit not peculiar to wartime when there is a baby approaching) and my son broke his leg.

There was talk of evacuating our area, and in case of emergency arrangements were made to send me to Melbourne.

It did look then as if it would be a close race between the baby and the Japs to see who got here first, but the bundle of plaster and bandages that used to be my son's leg decided me to stay where I was.

On the day Singapore fell, the baby girl was born.

There was no peace of mind lying in bed in a blacked-out hospital, rehearsed in procedure if the sirens wailed, wondering how great was the muddle at home, hearing of the first bombs on Australian soil.

And I came home tired, as every mother has since, to a sixteen-hour-a-day job, and never a day off.

Thank heaven I decided to laugh at myself. If I hadn't I should be a gibbering idiot by now. I even made up my mind to laugh at the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo gang, and complete the second pair.

Life was now complicated by coupons and shortages.

I needed woollies. Baby was due in April, this year, and I was told in several large stores that there would be no woollies until June.

It was just another example of lack of co-ordination between high officials these days. Either the stork forgot to tell Mr. Dedman that even summer's very new humans need woollies, or Mr. Dedman forgot to tell the stork that no babies were to be delivered before June.

Mingled patriotism had robbed my hospital of its domestics. Like others all over Australia, the nurses were doing a superhuman job between the kitchen and the wards.

Being merely human after all, they collapsed under the strain, and were forced to close down.

Here again I was luckier than many have been. When the news reached me I happened to be spending the day in another hospital shedding some teeth.

That was the last time I have managed to be early enough to catch any of to-day's worms.

What to do with the baby girl when I went off was my biggest problem and my mother in Melbourne was the only solution I could see.

I sent over a certificate from my doctor with a sigh of relief, and said "that's settled," but it was not.

Some little person whose brief authority had gone to its very little head treated poor mother as if she were a fifth-columnist, and told her that there must be some woman in Sydney who could take charge of my home for me.

So from both ends of the interstate line there followed much excited telephoning, and at long last, and only through an influential friend, my mother arrived just in time to farewell me as I went off.

This time a baby boy came to take the name of his young uncle who had gone down fighting for all babies.

We all expect the going to be tough when the country is at war, but the going could be fair.

The woman who has just had a baby wants new corsets for health's sake, and not for glamor, but it is she who has to go without.

When attempts are made to be fair they are usually ludicrous. At the beginning of this year my

"WHAT ABOUT ME?" Wartime shortages and supply muddles have made the care of new babies a harder task, says the writer of this article, who is the mother of four young Australians.

daughter faced school with blouses that were beyond further patching.

She needed three, but I was allowed only one, so I had to make three trips. In the same shop I could have bought six expensive bits of nonsense for my head at any time.

The quality and workmanship of what we do get at long last for our children make things harder for us.

Shoddy shoes

BOYS' shirts are made by such aliphad methods that the cuffs part company with the sleeves at first ironing.

If children's clothes were better, their coupon book would be adequate.

Last week my son wore a new pair of shoes to school, and came limping home on blistered feet.

The insole was corrugated from heel to toe, and had been cut to fit a much larger shoe.

My schoolgirl daughter has been forced into Cuban heels because somebody has decreed that there will be no more flat heels for girls who take fives.

It is exasperating to see feet we have shod scientifically for twelve years being maltreated now.

The most alarming neglect of the needs of the child was evidenced in

the recent prune and orange shortage. Oranges are certainly more plentiful now, but the prunes still come only in fts and starts.

The troops were officially blamed for depriving our babies of their precious prunes. If those poor boys are still being fed prunes, my heart goes out to them.

The orange crop, too, was going to the troops, as marmalade. If that was so, then nobody got their vitamins. You can't boil vitamin C, and get away with it.

The milk shortage has also caused every conscientious mother extra trouble and worry. Here again large families were victimised. Our daily issue is eight pints. We were reduced to two.

The milkman said he couldn't stand at every back door and do sums. It was easier to take six pints from me, and leave the very small orders on his round as they were.

I told him that I didn't pay him 19/10 a week because I wanted a milk bath, so reluctantly he did do a little arithmetic.

It was much the same with eggs. Definite rationing would have been more acceptable. Grocers can hardly be expected to remember that Mrs. X has three children, and Mrs. Y has none.

In general, our buying these days is something we can only suffer with a grin. For a change, our prams give us an advantage.

Going to the city is quite a hazardous adventure. Escape is only possible on Saturday morning, of course, when the big pair can guard the little pair.

It means making advance preparations for baby girl's midday dinner, and everyone else's lunch, getting up at dawn to do the large wash that two babies inflict on one daily.

Baby at last in his bassinet, and little Miss in her cot, I recollect that some unwanted tripe was thrown at my suit last time I wore it, and have to remove it.

Then my hat looks awful because of the hair beneath it, which should have been cut six weeks ago.

By the time I have found some hairpins, baby boy is telling the world that he is not going to sleep, and has to be picked up to get rid of his wind.

He does, and most of his breakfast, too, so I have to get dressed all over again. About once in four attempts I can make the city by noon.

While I can laugh on the home front, I am not unaware of the seriousness of living haphazardly.

Something or someone must suffer to a degree that depends on one's standards when a woman attempts the colossal task of running a home and mothering an assortment of children singlehanded.

There is no sin in a desire to remain attractive to one's husband, to live gracefully, though simply, to be the children's mentor rather than their drudge.

It is in the attempt to fulfil these desires while being a slave to the stove and sink that the real strain is put upon us. But we have no choice.

Mainly the help offering are wily old humbugs, who are making the most of the chance to make a comfortable living with the minimum of exertion. Even they don't offer freely where there are children.

I don't want anyone to look after my children. I only want to be freer to do that better myself than I can do now with a mind never able to concentrate properly on the job in hand.

Earnest effort

MY family problems these days are fairly typical, and I have not solved them.

I have only tried very hard not to encroach too much on the leisure of the older children.

They have so little time to themselves with homework and music.

And I have tried to listen to their important small talk, and be patient with them.

I have avoided working in the evenings, preferring to leave something undone (and it always is) rather than sacrifice the short peaceful hour when we gather round the fire together.

I do try to keep my temper when the bundle of mischief that is my baby girl turns herself into a nigger with a pot of vegetable extract. She is only giving an imitation of mother and her cold cream.

Baby boy comes off best of the lot. He is the only one who gets the mothering that he deserves. What he lacks further in that direction, he is the better without.

Mothers would be the last people to wall about any discomforts on the way to victory, especially we in Australia, whose children have been spared the real horrors of war. We ask only the right to make our contribution to the peace worthy of the sacrifice older mothers have made to the war.

Children's knitting book



ILLUSTRATED here is one of the lovely handknits featured in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for Children.

Directions are given for knitting 39 woollies, including two, three, four, and five-piece sets for babies; outfits and dresses for little girls; pull-overs for boys; charming pram cover, shawls, berets, baby harness, hand-knit toys, even a baby doll's dress.

So popular was this beautifully illustrated 48-page book that a reprint was made. You can now get your copy from your newsagent or from the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Hope deferred...arrives in Sydney at last



BOB HOPE greets Sydney with that familiar, impudent grin which has cheered literally millions of soldiers all over the world.



BROADCASTING FROM MASCOT, Hope greets his enthusiastic fans. Colonna says: "Bob's brain has a gag in every cell."



JERRY COLONNA, radio and screen star, also on tour. His luxurious moustache (real) looks as phony as Groucho Marx's false one.



CHIEF STOCK-IN-TRADE of Jerry Colonna are eyes that bulge and roll up, down, and round, as he demonstrated for the crowd.



ON ARRIVAL, General Riley, Commanding Officer of U.S. Army Base in Sydney, meets the plans to welcome Bob Hope, singer Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, and comedian Barney Dean. In spite of their gruelling and tiring experiences of the last few days, the American entertainers gave Sydney a cheery welcome.

THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN who wears his chin at a rakish angle arrives in Sydney after an eventful trip. He faces forced landings, lack of sleep, and surging crowds with breezy good humor.



MUCH of the Colonna-Hope comedy revolves round Jerry's fabulous moustache. Together, these comedians have put on camp shows under difficult conditions, but they always got laughs.

Continuing . . . Murder In Tow

from page 5

As if Tollman read Bill's surmises, he hastened to add more details to his statement. Peckham had advised him about his investments, too.

"Was the advice good?" Tollman shrugged. "We did have a little bad luck with some mining stock. But that could happen to anyone. Tom said he lost money on it, too. And I always have my annuity to fall back on."

So Peckham had played one of his slick tricks on his sole friend. An invalid, to boot. Bill began to have that unhandy suspicion that sometimes hampered him in murder cases. That the victim had been asking for it. That the murderer was more of a benefactor than a criminal.

Bill asked if Tollman had noticed what time Peckham had left his house on the night he'd disappeared.

"Yes. He called his granddaughter about half-past twelve, and she came about fifteen minutes later. I know because I was surprised he stayed so late. He usually leaves at eleven."

"An hour and a half later, humm?" Bill mused. "Did he seem to have any reason for it?"

"I don't know. Naturally, I've thought over every minute of the evening since he disappeared, trying to see if I couldn't find some clue to help the police. I can say this. It wasn't because he forgot the time that he stayed. He kept glancing at his watch and at the clock. But he'd always suggest another game. He was my guest. What could I do?"

Bill wondered if Peckham could have had an appointment with someone. But if so, why send for Bundy? Perhaps he had mentioned having an appointment to her. Maybe she had forgotten it or chose not to mention it. The appointment might have been with Steve.

Or the man might have been afraid that someone was lying in wait for him up to a certain hour, after which it was safe to leave.

Bill asked, "You're positive of the time when Peckham left your house, Mr. Tollman?"

"Yes. The reason I know is I always go out for a little trip round

town before I go to bed. I can't sleep otherwise. I usually go from eleven to twelve. But I didn't get out till one that night."

Bill could feel his blood start to tingle. Tollman had been out that night. Why did he volunteer the information?

Bill said boldly, "Does your man always go with you?"

"Yes. I don't know what I'd do without Andrew. He can walk as fast as I go. I wouldn't mind going alone, but he feels uneasy about me."

It was a little weird to talk about him as if he weren't present. But Andrew only gave Tollman a look of devotion, and nodded.

"Have you had Andrew long?"

"Yes. Nearly twenty years. Ever since I moved here. I don't try to think what I'd do without him. And I don't think he'd ever leave me under any circumstances."

Bill was becoming a trifle fed up with this unctuous atmosphere. He took his departure a few minutes later.

Andrew's devotion to Tollman might explain a good deal. If Andrew had not limits, and he certainly didn't look as if he had, he might do anything Tollman wanted. Anything!

Tollman certainly did not look like a man to instigate murder. Bill knew appearances were often misleading, but the candor in the man's face did not suggest a guilty conscience.

Andrew was a different matter. Who could read the flat, hostile brown eyes, the thick features? He was very close to his voodoo-fearing, idol-worshipping African forebears.

Bill thought, suppose some friction between the two men that night had been exaggerated in Andrew's mind to an affront to his employer? Andrew might have acted on his own. He might have followed Peckham and exacted terrible penalty. Tollman might suspect this and be protecting the man so necessary to his comfort.

But, Bill recalled, Andrew was

supposed to have been with Tollman till two. If Tollman wasn't lying, how could Andrew have found Peckham after that hour? Surely he wouldn't have made an appointment with the colored man.

He made a note to ask the police if any other prints had been found on Peckham's car besides his own and his granddaughter's. Why had the car been left where the police had found it? There seemed only one reason. Peckham must have driven it there and been killed somewhere in the vicinity. Bill wondered how thoroughly the police had searched that locality.

As his car passed the big pier Bill noted the time and checked the number of minutes it took him to reach the spot where Peckham's car had been found. It took only eight minutes.

He would have liked to search the neighborhood for the possible scene of the crime, but it was beginning to get dusky. He determined to look it over at his first opportunity.

His aunt crossed the lawn as he arrived in the Paige drive. "I'm so glad you came back, William. It's been so tiresome here alone. Abby's been trying to sleep. She said she hardly closed her eyes last night."

"I'm afraid she enjoys ill-health." "Maybe, but it's not as bad as some other faults she could have. I hope you're hungry. Good! So am I. We'll have sandwiches and coffee by the fire."

"They had a cosy little meal in the living-room. Their first time together, really, since Bill had arrived. A great deal of family folklore passed back and forth. At eight-thirty the telephone rang. Bill went to answer it."

Steve said cautiously, "That you, French?"

"Yes."

"Can you get away in about ten minutes? I'll pick you up in front of the house. I don't want to lose any time."

"Can do."

"Explanations later." Bill came back to the living-room. "I'll be gone for a while, Aunt Olive."

"Where are you going?" "I don't know. Steve has an idea."

She glanced toward the bedroom. "I hate to leave Abby or I'd go with you. Be careful."

Steve's car bounced out of the starry dusk a few minutes later. Bill said in, "What's up, Steve?"

"Bundy managed to call me half an hour ago. We have a sort of code, but it doesn't cover everything. But I gathered she had heard Corinne making a date over the telephone with someone for this evening. Whispered, as if she didn't want Bundy to hear. Bundy didn't catch the time, so I'm planning to stick round until Corinne leaves the house."

"Is the guard still there?"

"Yes. That will complicate things for us. But I'm hoping she will take the car. It'll be easier to follow her."

"Won't the guard stop her?"

"No. She's been allowed to do as she pleased. It's Bundy they're watching."

"They drove slowly past the Peckham house. They could see the guard sitting on the front stoop. Steve said, 'She hasn't gone yet.'"

Bill surmised they had some sort of signals. He didn't ask questions. They drove round the block, came back and parked in the driveway of a closed-up house. They could see the Peckham place plainly across the lawn.

"The window at the back is Bundy's bedroom. She'll blink the light when Corinne leaves. If she doesn't take the car the light will go on again."

"You and Paul Revere."

"Bundy's really an awful kid," Steve said in a rough, fond way. "And thank heaven for it, too. She's never been treated very decently, so she can take all this pressure better than the pampered kind. I guess I'm the first person who's ever been consistently decent to her."

So Aunt Olive was right, Bill thought.

Steve went on, as if forcing himself to make an explanation, "When this trouble is all over Bundy will come out with around fifty thousand. She can break away from Corinne. Make something of her life. Bundy's got great stuff in her. She could be Mrs. Anybody."

Bill didn't know what to say. It was decent of Steve to let him see how matters stood. But the subject was too vital to be solved over with words.

Suddenly Steve hissed. The light blinked in the rear Peckham bedroom. They could hear a door slamming shut. Presently the garage doors squeaked open. Then a motor started.

"She's taking the car. That's good."

The long gold rays from the headlights swung out in the dark. The car backed into the street.

"Coming our way, too," Steve whispered.

He kept his car lights off until they were out in the street. The Peckham car was ahead, plainly recognisable. Bundy had pasted crossed strips of paper over the rear lights.

Mrs. Peckham turned and drove north. Steve left plenty of space between the cars. When she reached Twentieth Avenue, Mrs. Peckham slowed down. As she made a left turn Steve shut off his lights, followed her at a crawl. Her car came to a stop in the middle of the second block.

There was a riotous growth of scrub in the many vacant lots in this area. Bill and Steve lingered until she had left her car and started to walk along the pavement.

A distant street lamp made her dark figure visible. She turned into an ill-kept yard. In the rear was one of those hybrid dwellings called a garage apartment. A double garage topped by a suite of living rooms reached by an outside staircase.

There was enough shrubbery in the yard to afford cover. The two men slid noiselessly from one clump of bushes to the next as she crossed the tall grass to the steps. She must have been expected. As she started up the steps the door above opened. A man looked out. His rampant crest of yellow hair shone in the light.

Albert Sinclair! Bill felt himself shifting into high. Now they were getting somewhere.

Mrs. Peckham hardly crossed the threshold before she was in Sinclair's arms. For a few seconds they could be seen through a window. But almost at once the shade was pulled down.

"Where," Steve whistled, "if that ain't love it's a reasonable facsimile. Who's the guy?"

Bill whispered what he knew about Sinclair. He added, "Better not talk. We don't want to spoil this."

FOR a long time they shifted their weight in uncomfortable silence. It was broken only by neighboring radios. After a while the murmur of a rising argument became noticeable. The speakers became too angry to remember to hold down their voices. The two listeners moved daintily close to the house. Words became audible.

"Bert! You don't mean you leave it here?"

Sinclair's tones were arrogant. "It's so well hidden nobody could ever find it."

"But, you idiot, this dump is a firetrap."

"Fire can't get at it."

"It's unbelievable for you to act like this, Bert, after all the trouble we've had. All the lies I've told. I'm not going to stand for it."

"Aw, skip it, Corrie. Or am I dumb? Do you mean you don't trust me with it?" He laughed nastily.

"Bert!" Mrs. Peckham raged. "Can't you see I'm on the verge of a nervous collapse? I do trust you. But I'd trust a safe-deposit box much further."

"How long do you think it would take that dirty Mr. Buttinski to get an order to look into your box? And then where'd you be?"

"He couldn't."

"Oh, couldn't he!"

"I don't care. I'd have a good story ready. I've been a match for everyone so far."

"Watch out you don't start an explosion."

"Very funny," she sneered. "Where is that stuff I gave you? I'm going to get a safe-deposit box to-morrow. I'll go over to Tampa."

"Tampa! That isn't safe."

"Well, Orlando then. I can go on the bus."

"And be tailed? But why waste your breath arguing? I am not going to be a party to any fool scheme by handing it over. It's safe and I'm watching it. If you really don't trust me, sweetie pie, then it looks as if you're out of luck. Come on. Stop pouting."

"But, Bert—"

"And not so loud, for heaven's sake."

Animal Antics



"Do you feel any more like singing in here?"

The murmur tuned down to a buzz in which no more words were distinguishable. Bill and Steve cautiously withdrew to their original safer clump of shrubbery. A tedious, futile half-hour followed.

It was after eleven when Mrs. Peckham came out on the rear porch. She went down the steps and crossed the grass to the car. But when she reached it the motor did not start. After a few moments she returned. A flicker of gold now and then on the grass indicated that she had a flashlight.

When she reached the side of the garage in which Sinclair kept his shabby blue-green car, she tried to open it. It must have been locked. She shook it a little. Then she tilted her light through a window and peered in.

Steve whispered in Bill's ear. "There comes Sinclair down the stairs."

Sinclair had a flashlight too. And a gun. The stray gleams flickered on the steel barrel. "Who's there?"

"Bert, is that you?"

For a second the two lights lighted the two figures simultaneously. "Corinne! What the—"

"Bert!" Her whisper was mollen lava. "Is that car parked in there?"

"Sh-sh. Of course. You told me to be ready to beat it at a moment's notice."

"I said we'd be ready. Look here, Bert. I'm warning you. If you get away without me you won't be able to get far enough or hide well enough that I won't find you. And when I do—"

The rest was muffled, as if by a hand.

"Shut up, you perfect idiot," Sinclair's voice shook with fury. "Now, see here, sweetheart." He changed to a soothing, authoritative murmur.

Presently soft sobbing. Tender phrases. A duet of tenor-soprano apologies. Then silence, long, significant. Steve's mouth was close to Bill's ear: "Must be love, French. He knows his stuff. There she goes to her car. We'd better scam too."

Bill had moved away. He didn't care to be nudged in his sore rib. He wasn't used to having the fine points of any scene underlined for him. That was the trouble with these amateurs. A trifle crude, but making up for it in enthusiasm. For example, he'd never have witnessed this interesting performance if it hadn't been for Steve.

In the car again Steve said, "Shall we follow her?"

"Just for luck, humph? If you're not busy."

"This is my business now."

They trailed her home without further incident.

Bundy came out of the front door as Mrs. Peckham drove into the garage. She stopped to speak to the guard on the steps. But as Steve parked his car at the curb Bundy hurried to meet him. "Steve, while Corinne was out someone called on the telephone."

"Who?"

"I don't know. Some stranger. It could have been a man with a soft voice. Or a woman. But he sounded Southern."

"Colored?"

"Maybe, but I think not. He asked if I was Bundy. I said yes. Then he wanted me to meet him somewhere. He said he had information I'd find valuable."

To be continued

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"RISE and SHINE" ARMY CAMP QUIZ SHOW

MONDAY AT 8 P.M. 2GB

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune may favor those who least expect it this week.

Although Leonians and Virgoans are likely to benefit most of all, Librans and Scorpios will enjoy pleasant surprises.

It is a good week for Taurians and Capricornians, but conditions may deteriorate for those born under Gemini, Sagittarius, and Pisces.

Arians and some Sagittarians may benefit to a worthwhile degree before August 23.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): August 22 and 23 poor; August 27 (before 8.30 a.m. and in mid-evening) fair; August 28 tricky.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): August 22 (from 8 p.m. to midnight) and August 23 (before 8 a.m.) good; August 24 to 26 tricky; August 29 (forenoon and mid-afternoon) poor, but dusk to 11 p.m. excellent.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be wary; August 22 (to 9 p.m.) poor; August 23 good, then poor for some weeks. Live quietly, especially on August 27, 28, and 29. Avoid changes then.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): August 22 (to 9 a.m. and noon to sunset) can be helpful, but avoid rashness; August 25 (except forenoon) and August 26 (1 p.m. to near midnight) very good.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): August 22 (morning) fair; August 23 (to 8 a.m.) good; August 27 (before 8 a.m. and after dusk) fair. Avoid steady-income row.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Speed up your affairs. Success possible; August 23 (to 8 a.m.) and August 24 (noon to 8 p.m.), August 25, August 26 and 29 can be excellent.

LIBA (September 21 to October 21): August 22 (from 9 p.m. to midnight) and August 23 very fair.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): August 22 and 23 tricky; August 24 (noon to 8 p.m.) very helpful; August 25 (to 9 a.m. and between noon and dusk) and August 26 (dawn to midday and late evening) quite good.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Continue. Be wary; August 22 (after 9 p.m.) very helpful; August 23 (afternoon) poor; thereafter difficult for some weeks, so live quietly.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Plan for advancement, gains, changes; August 24 (dusk) fair; August 25 (to 9 a.m. and between noon and dusk) very good; August 26 (dawn to noon and near midnight) good; August 29 good.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Continue to live quietly until after August 26, but then things improve slightly. Routine best now.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): A week for caution, especially after August 22. Beware changes, obstacles, indiscretions; August 27 to 29 very poor. Dodge parties, losses, opposition.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

*** **Jane Eyre**. Fox have done a fine job of bringing this classic to the screen. Joan Fontaine is excellent as the tragic heroine, but Orson Welles does not quite capture the true spirit of the melancholy Rochester. Outstanding in support is Peggy Ann Garner, who plays Jane as a child.—Regent; showing.

** **Gung Ho**. Dealing with the exploits of Col. Carlson's marine raiders on Makin Island, this film is exciting fare. Randolph Scott gives a fine performance. Grace McDonald is needlessly introduced to provide labored romance.—Victory; showing.

** **Girl Crazy**. The youthful effervescence of Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland has ample scope in this sparkling musical. Tommy Dorsey's band does full credit to Gershwin's lilting tunes.—St. James; showing.

** **Up in Mabel's Room**. Although this farce is dated, it is still funny enough to get plenty of laughs. Dennis O'Keefe and Marjorie Reynolds are the newlyweds, and Gail Patrick causes the complications.—Empire; showing.

* **In Old Oklahoma**. This tale of rugged pioneers mixes much opportunity for action by wasting time on romances of John Wayne, Albert Dekker, and Martha Scott.—Civic; showing.

* **Jam Session**. Ann Miller is starred in this trite tale of a girl trying to get a break in films. Newcomer Jess Barker and six swing bands help things along.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Fashion Frock Service



"TRIXIE"—Chic suit in check rayon linen

Here's a smart suit for your entry into spring. It is fashioned from a medium-weight linen rayon, absolute cloth in rose, gold, almond-green, brick-red, and navy backgrounds, with white overcheck. Mary is checked with red. The design features a short jacket, notched-in waistline, and extended shoulders. The neat revers turn back. The sleeves are short, and twin pockets decorate the hips. The skirt is shown with knife-pleats at the front. Back is plain. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39-41 (17 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 42-44 (17 coupons). Plus 1/2% postage. Cut Out Only (ready to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 48-51 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 52-56 (14 coupons). Plus 1/2% postage. How to obtain "TRIXIE" in N.W.W. Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 388A, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

BABY'S 6-PIECE LAYETTE

Now you have the opportunity to secure this adorable ready-to-cut-and-sew layette for baby. It comes to you with each pattern traced clearly on a perfect material called Ceacorella. Cream only. Ceacorella is a lightweight woolen, and washes beautifully. Delicate embroidery motifs are also stamped on each ready-to-make garment for embroidery in pastel shades. Sizes infants and 6 to 12 months. Carrying cost, 12/11 (13 coupons); night-gown, 10/11 (13 coupons); frock, 10/11 (4 coupons); bonnet, 3/11 (2 coupons); mattress jacket, 4/11 (3 coupons); pillowcase, 8/11 (2 coupons). Please add 4yds. postage if ordering individually. Complete set costs £2.12/- and 22 coupons, plus 1/6% postage. Please ask for No. 506.



BOY'S TROUSERS

These are made from Ceacorella, a well-known brand, in grey or brown. They are also ready to cut and sew. Sole tailored style, belted waistline, straight, well-fitting trousers. Sizes 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (4 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 6/11 (4 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 7/11 (3 coupons). Please add 4yds. postage and quote No. 507 when ordering.



AMERICAN BRIDEGROOM. Captain William Crutckshank, U.S. Army, and his bride, formerly Nan O'Brien, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Bill is aide of General Thomas Riley, U.S. Army. Couple attended by Nan's young sister, Betty, and by Lieut. Stephen Muller.

On and off DUTY.

FEEL rather like Alice in Wonderland when I see Bob Hope, Frances Langford, and members of their party arrive at Mascot by plane, and wonder vaguely if I am, after all, in Hollywood, "seeing stars." Such numbers of celebrities passing through Sydney, begin to think perhaps Hollywood is being transplanted to South-west Pacific.

Arriving at Australia Hotel to see party was amused by Irish wit of policeman who, when one feminine fan pushed her way to front of throng, says politely: "And what, may I ask, made you think we had reserved this place specially for you?"

HONEYMOON at bridegroom's seaside home, "Merton," Sorrento, Victoria, for Mr. and Mrs. Everard Baillieu, who were married recently at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride formerly Betty Osborne, widow of late Flying-Officer H. L. ("Wang") Osborne, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Balfe, of Point Piper. Everard, who is ex-member of A.I.F., and Betty will make future home at South Yarra.

TOP tier of their wedding cake sent by Sergeant Richard Tooker, U.S. Army, and Mrs. Tooker, formerly ACW Elaine Crews, W.A.A.F., to Richard's family, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Tooker, of Oneldia, New York, where couple will make home.

FLAT-HUNTING is Mary Nimmo, wife of Brigadier R. H. Nimmo, who will make her home in Sydney, as her husband is stationed here. Mary has recently come down from Brisbane, where she renewed friendship with Nattie MacKellar, who is now living in Brisbane.



STAR. Gladys Moncrieff takes time off between performances of "Katinka" at Theatre Royal to plan menu which she will cook for servicemen and servicegirls at Stage Door Canteen.



TOAST. Bombardier Tony Page, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Nerida Willing, at reception following marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Nerida is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Willing, Bellevue Hill; granddaughter of late Col. W. Spalding, former Governor of Norfolk Island.



SOCIETY WEDDING Dr. and Mrs. John FitzHerbert leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, with attendants, Suzanne du Bosse, Patricia Merewether (right). Best man, Capt. Reginald Epps; groomsman, Brian Westgarth. Bride formerly Barbara McConnell.

DANCE this Friday in aid of Crown Street Women's Hospital to be held by North Sydney High School Old Boys' and Old Girls' Unions, at Anzac Memorial Hall, Cammeray.

JUST returned from honeymooning at Jervis Bay are Corporal G. C. Gordon, A.I.F., and Mrs. Gordon, who was attractive Mae Elizabeth Middleton.



NORTHERN TOUR for Lady Nock, chairman of Women's War Comforts Section, A.C.F. (right), and special representative revenue branch Helen Michel, Deputy Hon. Administrator of A.C.F., N.S.W. (Mr. R. G. Clark), points out stopping places on map, where they will meet patriotic and war fund executives.



LEAVING ST. MARY'S BY CAR after their marriage, Flight-Lieut. Paul Phillips, R.A.A.F., and bride, formerly Betty Miller. Couple now returned from honeymoon at Craigieburn, Bourail.



SNAPPED IN PARK. Signaller Milton Ireland, A.I.F., and his fiancée, Ursula Dennis. Ursula, who is eldest daughter of Mr. E. M. Dennis, of Fanning Island, and of Mrs. Dennis, has come to Sydney with her mother to make home.

EXTRA leave granted Captain Norman Scott-Young, A.A.M.C., so he and his bride, formerly Dr. Maureen Grattan-Smith, plan trip to Blue Mountains after honeymoon at Norman's mother's cottage at Palm Beach. Maureen will then resume duties as resident at Sydney Hospital, and Norman will return to his unit.

RETURNING to Sydney this Thursday and settling into new home at Bellevue Hill are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Woolf. Mrs. Woolf was formerly Ines Goldberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goldberg.

FLAT at Potts Point for Lieut. Bill Dillon-Moore, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Joan Beattie.

Interesting People

S/LDR. G. B. COOPER
... A.C.F. in London.

HONORARY Commissioner Australian Comforts Fund in London. Squadron-Leader Guy

Brassey Cooper, Melbourne banker, is organiser and director of first A.C.F. club and hostel in London for Australian servicemen and servicewomen. Club can accommodate 150. Owing to shortage of labor, S/Ldr. Cooper undertakes many duties. At times acts as night porter.

ACW JOYCE BYERLEE
... wireless assistant

ONLY girl among fifty men in recent flight at Sydney R.A.A.F. School of technical training, ACW

Joyce Byerlee, of Cloncurry, Qld., qualifies as wireless assistant. Now services and repairs wireless in aircraft, flies on routine checks in course of duties. Was chosen for work after doing three months' engineering course and passing aptitude test.

MR. V. S. LUFF

... botanical success

ADELAIDE botanist Mr. Vernon Luff has made important contribution to Australia's war effort

by producing for first time here veterinary drug, ascaridole, essential to pig-farming industry. When, owing to war, supplies of drug from U.S.A. ceased, Mr. Luff discovered specimen of plant which provides oil of chenopodium, from which drug is extracted, growing at Largs Bay, S.A. From this, considerable acreage has been grown. Oil now distilled at Mr. Luff's distillery.



NEWLY FORMED voluntary workers' council of Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, Mrs. E. Backhouse, chairman (centre); Mrs. B. E. Keown (left), and Miss Mary Sheraton, took over plans made by committee, which will assist club management.

BLOUSES...

*gay welcome
to the spring*

WHETHER you love them for their versatility, their charm, or their practical qualities, you simply can't feel happy about your wardrobe without a couple of blouses.

Have hectic, splashy florals in perversely tailored shirtwaist styles to team with slacks... heavy crepe in glowing shades made into flatteringly feminine blouses for afternoon wear. For important evenings copy Paulette Goddard's blue shirred blouse to wear with a long or short skirt and your prettiest jewellery.

+ + +

• For entertaining at home Anna Lee wears a high-waisted skirt of black sheer wool and a cherry-red, dull-finished crepe blouse.



• Paulette Goddard's powder-blue blouse is made of shirred silk, and fits as trimly as a sweater.

+ + +

• Deanna Durbin offsets chartreuse slacks with a brilliantly contrasting floral shirtwaist blouse.

CRAWLED UPSTAIRS ON HANDS AND KNEES

Surprising Relief after all Hope Lost

Mrs. I. M. A. Wilson, of 47 Craig Street, King's Cross, was unable to bath herself and, in her complete wretchedness, was even given gold injections among many other treatments. She writes: "I would like to tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from R.U.R. Up to six months ago I was not able to move without the aid of my stick at all, and you have my permission to use my case for advertising purposes, as I would be only too happy to know that someone else was deriving the same benefit that I did through taking your treatment."



INTERNAL CLEANSER. R.U.R. cleans the body of poisons, acids, and wastes. These poisons and acids cause the unbearable pains of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, and sciatica. The dull eyes and muddy skin of liver troubles, the headaches and half-awake feeling of constipation, the unpleasant "cant-me-at-things" feeling of indigestion and gastritis. R.U.R. helps all these disorders because it gently reaches every eliminative organ of the body, toning liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels. Get R.U.R. to-day. 4/- and 7/6 at chemists and stores everywhere.

Take R.U.R. and right you are

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Are Taken in Neglecting
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Any person takes serious chances in neglecting an attack of Piles. This ailment has a tendency to become chronic, and there is also danger of ulceration, which is very difficult to cure. The safest remedy for any form of Piles, whether itching or protruding, is DOAN'S OINTMENT. In using it there is no detention from daily occupation, and the many cases eased by it have made it famous in every corner of the world. It enjoys a greater demand and more enthusiastic popularity than any other Pile remedy ever placed on the market. Let DOAN'S OINTMENT give you the relief you so sorely need. Refuse all substitutes. Remember the name, DOAN'S.

ALEC swallowed. His watch said it was nine p.m. "I suppose we could be ready at dawn, sir."

"Oh? Understood your plane has its instruments shot up. You won't need any to Plymouth. Just a hop, no more than seventy-five miles or so. The escort will lead you in perfectly all right. Don't want to seem inhospitable, lieutenant, but the captain was adamant about your rejoining immediately."

"I see," Alec said with deflated enthusiasm. "In that case, sir, I can be ready as soon as the plane is gassed up."

Back at the bar, the news had preceded him. "Gil Wycoff's taking you over with two of the boys," Bert said. "Look here, Alec, why don't you telephone her? I'll work the thingumbob through to the Motor Corps base at Truro and put you on."

"Blessings on you, little man," Alec said. "Go ahead. I've got to clean up."

He washed hurriedly, aware that Bert did not call him. When he came out, he saw it was no dice. "She wasn't there then, they said," Bert shrugged. "Oh, well. The game isn't over yet."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see." They went out on to the field and proceeded to the hangar, where the ground crews were turning over the engines of three Spitfires, warming the planes. The planes looked slim, small and deadly in the moonlight. Bert introduced Alec to Sergeant-Pilot Gilbert Wycoff. They shook hands solemnly, the commanding officer standing by.

"Awfully glad to take you down to Plymouth," Wycoff said stiffly. "So sorry you can't spend some time with us, old man." And as soon as the commanding officer had stroled off to examine the Wildcat, his stiffness left him, and he said, "Look here, Yank, I'll fly you directly over an emergency field at Truro. Bertie's told me. Happens to the best of men. I'm trying to get leave myself to see the most beautiful—"

"Gil," Bert said reproachfully, "never mind yours."

"Righto. Fly you right over the Truro field, you cut your engine out, report a forced landing, and I'll lead you down to the field. After all, what can we chaps do if your engine conks, eh?"

"You," Alec Mason breathed contentedly, "will get the year's Alec Mason award for stuff and things. What nice little United Nations you guys turned out to be. Good hunting, and may you all marry Hedy Lamarr. Here comes the C.O., and we're going to be off into the wild blue yonder."

They all shook hands. Alec climbed into his Wildcat and followed Wycoff's Spitfire off in a cloud of dust, while the other two escorting Spitfires followed in his.

They rendezvoused over Penzance at five thousand feet, and then headed north-east toward Truro, when they could very well have cut east-north-east for Plymouth.

"Beagle to Fox," Wycoff murmured. "Are you all right, Alec?"

"Hunky-dory," Alec said, "a literal translation of which is pippin, or righto, or some such colloquialism. About your perfidious suggestion, sah—"

"Beagle to Fox. The base is monitoring us, y'know," Wycoff said.

"Fox to Beagle. Your needle received and its point noted. Fox off. Let's fly."

They flew. They roared over the English countryside at the best the Wildcat could do.

"Beagle to Fox," said Wycoff presently. "We're close to Truro, old boy. Everything operating all right?"

Alec smiled to himself. "Er—not exactly. Engine coughed once or twice, I—ah—think. She could conk out any time now."

"Try and nurse her," Wycoff said, with a chuckle.

Alec sat back, his hand gently on the stick, and he thought of Sally. She was down there to-night. He sighed in quiet ecstasy. It has been a long time for a guy in love, a very, very long time, he thought.

"Beagle to Fox. You can see the field about five miles ahead—that bright patch. If your engine is giving you trouble, better not take any chances."

"Maybe I had better put her down," Alec said. "She coughs badly every now and then."

"Now wait a second," Conscience said.

Alec sat erect, groaned. "Where," he said, "did you come from?"

"I've been round," said Conscience. "And a good thing. This business of hijacking yourself a quick package of physical affection from your future helpmeet is all very glamorous, kiddo, but there is a war on, and if you pull this one, you are nothing better than a small six-legged insect of the order Anoplura, which can carry typhus better than you can carry three glasses of watered beer."

"Take it easy," Alec said. "What difference does it make? I've been lost all night, anyhow. It won't make any difference whether I get to base to-night or to-morrow or even the next day will it?"

"It sure will," Conscience said. "Your ship is at sea, and is now passing through submarine-infested waters as she nears England. Every good eye for U-boat spotting is needed, and it may be your pair that would spot the feather that would save the flat-top. That's war, and that's the way duty lies, alter ego. And if you never saw that petty pin-up you call Sally until Hitler stopped chewing rugs, it would still be your duty to get back to sea, to your ship and to your station."

"Some day," Alec said, "a man is going to be born without the likes of you, and life will be happier."

"That Austrian paperhanger hasn't

Rendezvous With Sally

Continued from page 7

got the likes of me," Conscience said, "and if that makes for a happier life, I'll take vanilla."

"Beagle to Fox," Wycoff said worriedly, "we're overshooting. Have to make up your mind quickly, old boy. Down or up? Say the word."

"Fox to Beagle," Alec replied glumly. "The engine is functioning perfectly. On to Plymouth and so long, Sally."

It was past 0900 hours the following morning when Alec Mason sighted the U.S.S. Paul Revere, some sixty miles south of Lizard Head, in full way upon a moderate green-and-grey sea. The depot at Plymouth had done miracles in patching the Wildcat during the night.

He called the ship by radio and got permission to land.

At 1200 hours Fighting 1 made its last patrol of the voyage, with the coast of England plainly in sight, and when they roosted, as the R.A.F. Coastal Command Catalinas took over, the pilots prettied up in their staterooms, for the scuttle butt said that there would be liberty in Plymouth.

Tugs warped the Paul Revere into a dock berth instead of an anchorage, and the grimy wharves of Plymouth Harbor looked as pretty as the hills of home.

"Gosh," Walt Harris said, "not much time. We're sailing again at seventeen hours, did you hear?"

"Yep," Alec Mason sighed. "Back to the States with a string of hulks. Nearly one p.m. now. That gives us four hours. Getting to Truro, and finding a girl, and getting back again takes time. I'll never make it. I may as well not try. I'll try and get her on the phone again."

"Oh, brother!" Walt said. "Get a load of the angel-face down there!"

"Where?"

"Right below, waving at some lucky cluck!"

Alec Mason looked down. A tall blonde girl in a grey Red Cross Motor

Corps uniform and with the bar of a lieutenant on her shoulders was wildly waving her peaked grey cap, her blonde hair askew in the wind off the sea, her cheeks and lips scarlet, her teeth white behind her gorgeous smile.

"For the love of Mike!" Alec shrieked suddenly at the top of his lungs. "Sally!"

There was always doubt on Fighting 1 thereafter on how Alec Mason left the ship. Alec always swore he used the gangway, but Walt Harris said that he used the mooring hawser as a kind of sliding banister.

"See?" Conscience said as he went.

"Clean-living pays."

"You," Alec replied, "are the one thing I can absolutely do without for the next four hours."

"The point is well taken," Conscience said, and evaporated.

When he reached her they stared at each other breathlessly for a moment, and Sally's eyes were moist with tears.

"I can't believe it!" he said. "You! Here! Ready and waiting! It's a mirage. The Navy ain't that efficient."

"Captain Hadrack is an old friend of Dad's. I knew him back home," Sally said. "I pestered him about your ship, and he finally told me when it was due to come in. I got leave, left Truro yesterday afternoon and came on here to meet you."

"Oh, good Lord!" he said, thinking of Wycoff and the Spitfires and the emergency field at Truro, and why Bert hadn't been able to get her on the telephone. He kissed her, and the flight deck of the flat-top above them hooted with envy.

"Stop it, Alec!" she said, scarlet. "Let's get out of here! Not in front of the whole United States Navy! You're such a fool!"

"Madam," he said as they ran, arm in arm, "watch your language. You are speaking of the man I love."

(Copyright)

How to make port
with the navy

BY ALLEYNE LESLIE

DO be the soul of discretion and improve the golden moments while he's away by nightly use of Erasmic Cold Cream. Rich in smooth fine oils, it floats out dirt, makes skin soft and youthful. When he comes back, you'll have chances galore to be "the luckiest girl" with "the handsomest man" in town.



DON'T embarrass him by bringing out your compact and powdering when you're both entertaining fellow officers.

DO be ready for such occasions by looking sweet and knowing it. No worry of shiny nose if you're using Erasmic Face Powder. It holds for hours; yes, even through the close-range work most sailors like to try!

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E.37.26

It could have been fun
for Tom, too but...



It won't do any good getting hot under the collar when folks give you the cold shoulder. Get Lifebuoy instead and keep "B.O." away. There's oceans of freshness in that rich, invigorating lather. And Lifebuoy with its special health element protects you completely. Yes, where there's Lifebuoy, there's hope boy. And talk about mildness! Lifebuoy's gentle enough for a baby's skin.

FROM HEAD TO TOE

IT STOPS "B.O."

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W.98.26



DON'T try to score with your friends at the office by pretending you have inside information about the movements of your sailor's ship. It could only be a black mark against him.



● Merle Oberon (above) in the Fox thriller, "The Lodger," starring Laird Cregar.

● Dennis Morgan (at left) in a scene from Warners' technicolor revival of "The Desert Song."



● Nelson Eddy will be seen soon in United Artists' bright musical comedy, "Knickerbocker Holiday." Newcomer Constance Dowling is the heroine.



● Jon Hall and Maria Montez, romantic team of several Universal films, are together again in "Gypsy Wildcat." This film is beautifully photographed in technicolor, and tells the story of a wandering band of gypsies and a villainous baron.

Movie World

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You can see at a glance that here's one of the lucky girls with a Shirtmaker outfit—a real find these days for coupon-conscious buyers! Buy only what you need—and when you do, rely on Shirtmaker for quality everyday wear, which retains its original cut and finish for years of good service!

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"Y"

Wait in reply to George's silence, "and you haven't even found a decent flat to bring her back to. Do you think I want to see her come back to that ramshackle bachelor place you have?"

It suddenly struck George that Beth and he had confided none of their plans to her parents. Beth had cautioned him against it, without explaining why, and a horrible suspicion now came to him. Perhaps Beth herself had other plans in mind. George's gaze switched from Beth to her mother and back again. His will atrophied.

"Well," he said evasively, "I hoped to have a quiet wedding. But what did you want to do?"

Mrs. Waite said: "I planned at least a small engagement party so that our friends will see you."

He had to waste one of his precious Sundays on a small engagement party at which he met a few thousand relatives. George clung to Beth's side, feeling utterly useless. Come, everybody, see what Beth has trapped, man shortage or no man shortage. And Greg was there, smirking.

"See?" said Greg when he and George were alone again in the flat. "That clinches it. You've met the entire family. There's no way out. You wait," he went on encouragingly, "wait until this war is over and the question of your going back to your job comes up."

"What'll happen?"

"The whole family will come down on your head. You'll get talked out of it so fast you won't know you ever had such an idea. And then you'll really settle down. You'll have dinner at her family's house once a week and once a week they'll visit you. It's going to be exhilarating."

Continuing . . . Love is a Mantrap

from page 3

For a few hours George relaxed in a vacuum, and it was not until early in the afternoon that the full force of Beth's letter struck him. Suddenly he became aware that he was feeling remarkably un-jubilant for a man who has just been released from something he was beginning to dread. George told himself he was well out of it. Beth was certainly not the type who could stick at a defence-town existence now and later at a country life.

He was sitting in the boss' office contemplating his great good fortune when the boss came in. "You'd better get going soon," he said, "and here are some last-minute instructions. And what's the matter with you? Has somebody died?"

"Nobody I know," said George. At twelve-thirty he telephoned Beth's school. He felt at least he ought to say good-bye to her. The school office told him Miss Waite was out at lunch.

Isn't that lovely, thought George. She jilts a man who is so in love with her, he submits to all her parents' conniving, and she still has appetite enough to go out to lunch.

To think he could have been so deceived in anybody as he had been in Beth! Al she wanted was him, she had said. Yahl!

He started north at two-thirty, battling with himself. He kept talking to the absent Beth, and the more he talked, the angrier he became.

"Now, listen," he said, "you can't get away with this. Think you can waste my time that way? Get me used to the idea of marrying you, will you? And leave me to drive up alone remembering what you look like?"

George turned round and headed for Beth's school.

A million children round the school eyed him curiously, waiting to see whom he was calling for. He ignored them. Beth finally came down the steps surrounded by a bunch of schoolmistresses. George honked his horn furiously and she turned, recognising the peculiar, penetrating honk of George's horn, and her face went pale. She went on chatting to the schoolmistresses, however, and George went on honking.

"Hey, Beth!" he yelled with all his might.

BETH went on chatting in a frenzied sort of way, and finally George decided upon action. He leaped out of the car and made his way over to her. He bent down and scooped her up in his arms.

"Excuse me, ladies," he said, "for breaking up your little sewing circle."

"Put me down," said Beth in a tight little voice, her hair tumbling down softly on her shoulders.

George carried her back to the car and dropped her in. Beth shivered. "Didn't you get my note, you brute?"

"Yes," said George, stepping on the accelerator. "I tore it up."

"I broke the engagement," said Beth.

"You can tell me about it later, after we're married. I haven't time to listen now."

She sat up straight and stared at him. "Where are you taking me?" she demanded.

"Up to Connecticut to see a judge named Bender. And then on north."

"You're taking me to be married without my consent?" she said shrilly.

"If you don't keep quiet," said George, "I'll have to drop you off about a hundred miles from nowhere in the dark. You can walk home by yourself. Have you noticed the lack of cars on the road?"

"This is practically abduction," said Beth faintly.

"I'm wearing my leopard skin. Haven't you noticed?"

"George, you're frightening me. But don't drop me off. Besides, you'd look silly getting married all by yourself. You have to have at least two people at a wedding. Yourself and wife. Don't you?"

The stars were shining like mad as they drove on up north. Beth looked transformed and like the girl he had first met.

"Let's get out and stand on the headland for a while," George said. "I'd like you to tell me what that

ill-timed little letter was all about."

They walked a short distance from the car, and he clasped her tenderly round the shoulder, forcing her to look up at him.

"Oh, oh, that," said Beth absently. "It was just that the thought of being tied to you gave me an uncomfortably stodgy sensation."

"I don't understand," said George. "I was doing my poor best."

"It was very poor. I fell in love with George the cave man."

"Go on."

"Well, you stopped. You became George the yes-man. Everyone could tell you what to do. You, with your pretty ideas of what you really wanted to do. You were feeble, George."

"I was?" said George.

"Yes, you were. I don't like people who don't know their own minds. Besides, George, I didn't want to tread the straight and narrow path. These are times for being brave and adventuresome."

"Indeed?" said George.

"Of course, indeed. I hated you because I loved you. I hated you for being feeble."

"Have you finished?" said George masterfully. "Because if you have, don't you think you ought to let your family know what's happened to you?"

"You send them a telegram, George. You're the boss. Tell them I'm in good hands."

"Right you are," said George, as they got into the car and sped toward the Colonial Arms.

(Copyright)

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Kem 1/4 tube
everywhere



TALK ABOUT JACQUELINE



2 THROWING HERSELF from her horse, Jack contrives to meet Michael (Hugh Williams) at hunt.



3 JACK SEEKS ADVICE from sister June (Joyce Howard) when Michael proposes. June persuades her to marry him.

1 WILD GLAMOR-GIRL Jacqueline Marlow (Carla Lehmann) confides some of her misdoings to cousin Leslie (Roland Culver).



4 AFTER WEDDING a friend blunderingly tells Michael wild tales of "the Marlow girl."



5 TO SAVE her sister's marriage June poses as the girl in question.



6 JACK CONFESSES the truth, and Michael is bitter, but when Jack is involved in a car accident the disaster reunites them.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COMEDY-DRAMA OF A GLAMOR GIRL

THE BEF film "Talk About Jacqueline" tells the story of a typical society darling who, in the carefree days before the present war, sets out to have a good time in the fashionable circles of London, Paris, and the Riviera. She is wooed by all, won by none, and her private life is quite public.

The giddy young girl marries a serious doctor and decides to tell him nothing of her past escapades, and therein lies the main theme of the film.

Carla Lehmann and Joyce Howard, two young English stars, play screen sisters, and although they are actually no relation their resemblance is striking. Joyce is an accomplished dancer, but since her dramatic success in "Love on the Dole" has had little opportunity for musical comedy roles.

Hugh Williams appears as the earnest young doctor. He is now in the British Army, but has been granted special leave to do several films. He is the real-life husband of the Australian mannequin and film star, Margaret Vyner, and they have a baby son. In 1927 Williams made a tour of Australia with Dion Boucicault and Irene Vanbrugh.



In times like these
old friends
are best

You can be really well if you remember your Beecham's Pills. You can avoid ailments caused by constipation and impure blood—liverishness, stomach upsets, overweight, depression, bodily aches and pains. This is the fourth generation to trust Beecham's Pills—to-day they are the Golden Rule of Health for millions of sensible men and women.

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The Lady Rosemary Gresham is the daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll. She too follows the famous Pond's beauty ritual. Listen to what she says: "I've found Pond's Cold Cream perfect for cleansing and stimulating the skin, and Pond's Vanishing Cream has made my skin look younger, smoother and clearer." You can make your skin lovelier by following the Pond's beauty ritual.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.



Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

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ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Veronica Lake
Paramount star now appearing in
"Star Spangled Rhythm."

LT.74.26

VIM

brings back
lustre to pots
& pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY

A LEVER PRODUCT

7/102/11

SOME FUEL-SAVING MENUS

LEARN to know the capabilities of your oven . . . Make the most of its space each time of lighting, cooking to-day dishes for to-morrow.

A knowledge of the underlying principles of oven management and a certain amount of experiment will lead to maximum oven results.

These results ensure a minimum fuel bill and the saving of time and energy.

Oven menus can be planned when all courses are placed in the oven together and finish cooking at the same time.

This means freedom from kitchen manoeuvring for any planned time, from 30 minutes up to two to three hours.

On the other hand, this type of menu may not always be convenient, and it may be necessary to open the oven door two or three times to insert dishes that require shorter cooking time; this is quite practicable if the door is left open for the shortest possible time and closed gently without creating a draught.

The understanding of oven possibilities also enables the inclusion with to-day's meal of dishes, such as pastries, puddings, and meat-loaves, to be served cold the next day.

A casserole of meat or a soup can simmer in the oven with to-day's dinner to be easily reheated for to-morrow's.

The myth that the cake should be cooked in solitary splendour in the oven may be safely exploded; with the exception of the sponge cake.

Any butter cake may be cooked in with the roast or casserole, provided the temperature is moderate.

It is best to plan such combinations so that there is little or no opening of the oven door during cooking. If the door is opened, it should be done quickly and closed gently.

The rich fruit cake needs a very slow oven; a casserole of meat can safely be cooked at the same time.

When an oven is full to capacity there should be sufficient space between dishes to allow for free circulation of hot air.

This is also an important principle with oven trays; they should be at least two inches smaller all round than the oven shelf.

When a number of cold dishes are placed in an oven at the one time the temperature of the oven should have been raised to at least 50 deg. F. higher than the required cooking temperature.

Different heating mediums require different management.

featuring: OVEN DINNERS

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly

FOR THE GAS OVEN

1.—Arrange oven shelves, before lighting, in required positions.

2.—Have light ready before turning on tap.

3.—If controlled by thermostat set the dial control at required number or temperature, turn the oven tap on full, light burners, and close the door.

4.—Preheating takes from 10 to 15 minutes.

5.—The food is then placed in oven and left for specified time.

6.—With the thermostat the tap is left on full and the gas is cut down by the automatic control and the necessary cooking temperature is automatically maintained.

7.—Without the thermostat, after preheating, turn the oven tap down, reducing the burner flame to half or quarter.

8.—Open the oven door as seldom as possible.

9.—The upper part of the oven is hotter than the lower half.

10.—Best results for baking scones, pastries, small cakes are obtained by baking in the upper half of the oven.

11.—The bottom half of the oven is used for low-temperature cooking as custards, casseroles, milk puddings, except when only dishes requiring a low temperature are being cooked; they then should be placed higher and the oven heated only to the required temperature.

12.—In cooking cakes the richer the mixture the lower the position in the oven and the lower the cooking temperature. Dripping buns high in a quick oven, rich fruit cakes very low in very slow oven.

13.—When cooking two trays of cakes or pastries at the same time, leave space of at least four inches between the two shelves.

14.—Oven Heats:
Slow oven . . . 250 deg.-350 deg. F.
Moderate oven . . . 350 deg.-400 deg. F.
Hot oven . . . 400 deg.-450 deg. F.
Very hot oven . . . 450 deg.-500 deg. F.



OVEN-COOKED MEALS save fuel and reduce dish-washing to a minimum when the food is cooked and served in the same dishes. Menu in picture includes braised steak with casserole of vegetables, stuffed tomatoes, and orange-cup puddings. Crumb custard, fluffy pie, and luncheon cake for to-morrow's eating.

FOR THE ELECTRIC OVEN

with top and bottom heating elements.

1.—Remove grill-pan and baking sheets, if any.

2.—Arrange racks in positions required, and so that oven dishes will fit.

3.—Close oven door tightly.

4.—Turn both switches for oven to "Full," or "High."

5.—Heat to required temperature.

6.—Average time for heating to 450 deg. F. is 20 minutes. If food is not ready when required temperature is reached, turn switch for top element to "Off" and for bottom element to "Medium;" this will maintain a steady temperature.

7.—Avoid overheating oven.

8.—Best results for baking cakes, pastries, scones, are obtained by baking in lower half of oven.

9.—To Control Heat: The bottom element should be low or medium; the top element is usually turned off during baking, but, if necessary, it can be turned on for browning.

10.—Oven Heats:
Slow oven . . . 300 to 400 deg. F.
Moderate oven . . . 400 to 450 deg. F.
Hot oven . . . 450 to 500 deg. F.
Very hot oven . . . 500 to 550 deg. F.

OVEN MENUS

With all courses planned to be placed in oven at the same time, and to finish cooking at the same time.

1.—Half-hour Menu (hot oven).
Minced Lamb Loaf.
Scalloped Potatoes. Baked Tomatoes.
Orange-Flavored Scones
with Apricot Jam.

2.—One-hour menu (moderate oven).
Baked Rabbit with Sage and Onion Stuffing.
Baked Potatoes. Pumpkin.
Green Beans in Casserole.
Hot Gingerbread Loaf. Apple Slices.

3.—One-and-a-half-hour menu (moderate oven).
Casserole of Braised Steak and Celery.
Diced Carrots and Parsnips.
Jacket Potatoes.
Rhubarb Crumb Charlotte.
Lemon Custard.

4.—Two-hour menu (slow oven).
Shredded Vegetable Broth.
Seasoned Leg of Lamb.
Baked Potatoes, Pumpkin, and Onions.
Casserole of Pears.
Chocolate Crumb Custard.

PRIZE RECIPES

TRY this prize combination, hot turnip fish-cakes served with hot tomatoes and greens, followed by chocolate wedges and lemon sauce.

It's a fine meal.

TURNIP FISH-CAKES

One cup cooked, flaked fish, bones removed (salt fish is good), 1 cup mashed turnip, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Combine fish, turnips, parsley, sauce, and crumbs. Season well. Stand one hour, shape into croquettes, crumb and deep-fry a golden brown. Serve tomato-flavored white sauce, very hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Marshall, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

HOT CHOCOLATE WEDGES

Three-quarters cup sugar, 2oz. lard, 1 egg, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 3 level dessertspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon lemon rind.

Melt fat, stir in sugar, beat in cocoa dissolved in boiling water. Add beaten egg and then sifted flour and milk. Beat until smooth. Pour into greased 8in. sponge tin and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Serve in wedges with lemon sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

RECIPE SHORTS—For any oven

TRY split frankfur sausage covered with creamy macaroni cheese and baked . . . pairs well with baked tomatoes.

BAKE onions whole in a white cheese sauce . . . top with buttered crumbs before baking . . . 30 minutes is enough.

COOK a bacon-flavored veal meatloaf with to-day's oven menu . . . Serve cold to-morrow with salad or hot vegetable.

STUFF little scooped squashes with sausage-meat and soft breadcrumbs, and bake . . . serve very hot . . . delicious.

ADD sliced mandarins, rind too, to the next lamb casserole, with just a sprinkle of sugar and a hint of basil.

COVER a light, soft scone dough with honey-sweetened rhubarb sauce, and bake in a hot oven . . . dash of orange rind for a difference.

SCOOP hot gingerbread patties and fill with apple sauce . . . dinner sweet de luxe, and cost next to nothing.

IT'S very hot or very cold for the baked crumb custard . . . try straight from the oven with orange marmalade glaze . . . or icy cold with a topping of hot caramel or chocolate sauce.

SLICE potatoes very thinly, season with chives and salt, barely cover with hot milk and water, and cook with oven dinner . . . try also with top glaze of cheese.

BUBBLES... SKATING ROUND A DIFFICULTY



Sunshine and tears



● Fay Lorraine Morgan, our New Year baby, at six months.



FAY looks at our photographer and gurgles "Da-da." She now attempts syllables, and, what's more, she can hold objects in both hands. See her with pegs.



FAY bangs the table vigorously with a spoon. She takes a growing interest now in objects about her, especially nice, bright, shining ones. Left: Revelling in her bath. She loves being swished about.

VERANDAH GARDENING

SOME of the best plants for porch and verandah gardening are the dwarf begonias, particularly the rex varieties, many of which have brilliantly colored or metallic-shaded leaves of extraordinary beauty.

Aralias, which bear bright red berries in winter after white flowers, and have good, shiny, dark green foliage, are hardy evergreen subjects well suited to porch gardening. They and other subjects can be arranged on brackets or small shelves, on the brick or stone sills of verandahs, or on painted tables.

One of the brightest ideas recently seen was a yellow lacquered ladder leaning against the wall with a fair slope, and several excellent fern baskets hanging from the rungs. The ladder was fastened to an upright board about 12in. wide, also lacquered, and half-baskets of ferns and trailing begonias were mounted on this board from hooks, one above the other.

Pot plants that required some sunshine every few days to keep them in good health stood permanently on a reclaimed child's toy wagon. This was gaily painted, and was wheeled out when the plants had to be watered and nursed back to health by Mother Sunshine.

Heliotrope plants in pots rubbed elbows with saxifraga cordifolia, and dwarf geraniums and pelargoniums, carefully pruned and pinched back, shared the sunniest spot.

In the shady corners maidenhair ferns, bird's-nest ferns, ribbon ferns, coleus and slipper orchids flourished.

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REFUSE IMITATIONS —

MISS INDIGNATION . . . Fay registers disapproval when she can't get what she wants, but smiles and tears are not far apart. You'll note that she is sitting alone in these pictures. Her weight is now 15lb. 6oz., and she is 2ft. 4in. in length. She is taken to the clinic every week. Fay makes friendly overtures to all and sundry. Moreover, she clutches at everything within reach; she's pretty good at hair-pulling, too.

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Women who, before the war, delighted in the supreme elegance of "Bond Street" perfume will be overjoyed to know that this sophisticated fragrance still scents the mist-blown fineness of Yardley "Bond Street" Complexion Powder.

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH YARDLEY
—and lend your Savings for Victory

GY-20-44



Helps the Nursing Mother to keep up her strength

Looking after baby takes considerable toll of the nursing mother's energy, and she should see that her diet is planned to maintain strength and vitality.

A regular cup of Horlicks supplies the nursing mother with first-class protein, essential carbohydrates, mineral salts and vitamins. Horlicks is a complete food in itself and its nourishing

goodness benefits both mother and child. Simply mix Horlicks with water only, and you have a delicious food drink, delicate in flavour and very easy to digest. Enjoy it hot or cold, according to your preference. Horlicks is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country).



HORLICKS

—the food drink that
nourishes and sustains



★ FROM CLAY-BIRDS... TO WAR-BIRDS!

Who, in those carefree, pre-war days, ever imagined that the popular sport of claybird shooting would play a vital part in the war effort?

Yet this has happened... but now the men who pull the triggers wear the uniforms of our own and Allied Air Forces. In training, Air Gunners cut their "gunnery" teeth on claybird targets, whilst on operational stations continued practice of claybird shooting "keeps their eyes in" for the more serious business ahead.

Such is the wartime role of Eley-Kynoch cartridges, prized by sportsmen in days of peace. So sport must wait. These famous cartridges, however, are still available on the home front, but only in limited quantities for the destruction of pests which hinder food production.

Shooting at claybirds (saucer-shaped discs) mechanically catapulted at great speed, assists airmen in the ground work of gunnery training and provides practice so essential for the co-ordination of eye, brain and muscle, necessary to get a lead on a flying target.



While on "stand-by", Fighter Pilots in New Guinea keep their eye in by practice-shooting at clay pigeons with shot-guns.

Left to right are Sgt. H. W. Butler of Haberfield (N.S.W.) and Sgt. I. G. Peacock of Hobart (Tasmania). The Officer firing the pigeons is F/Lt. F. Humphries of Sydney (N.S.W.).

Photograph by courtesy of Department of Air.



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